Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO MISS B. D.——ON HER BIRTH DAY.

On this day of rejoicing—this festival of gladness,
When smiles and bliss round thy destinies float,
Oh! let from this hard be the accents of sadness,
If a harp can but waken a livelier note.

While the welcomes that greet, and lest sorrows o'er
pass thee,
The prayers and the hopes that are raised for thy
weal,
Is there, tell me, a boon whose enjoyment may bless
thee,
Which music can ask or a poet may feel?

And oh! if there is—with that ardent emotion,
Which burned in the soul of the patriot dead,
The bard lifts his hands in profoundest devotion,
And pours all those blessings at once on thy head.

Yet he prays not for riches, their glare is beneath you,
Nor beauty—more fragile and treacherous than
they;
Nor for honours—alas! they too soon must bequeath
you
A toy to the worm, to the reptile a prey.

No! thine be the mind with which virtue is blending,
And thine be the pleasures earth never can give,
As the a rambler in wild crystal mejesty wending,
Thus spotless, unruffled and pure may't show live.

And when friendship grows cold, and thy prospects are
darkening,
And the cold hand of death is uplifted to smite,
Oh! then may thine eye through futurity sparkling,
Be enchanted in the visions that pour on thy sight.

E. F. G.

SERMON

Delivered at Twelfth street Meeting House, First day morning, 26th of 4th Mo. 1835—by Richard Mott.

"Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls."

This pathetic, and I had almost said heart-touching exhortation of the divinely inspired apostle, has been much in my mind in the course of this meeting, and in such a manner that I have believed it to be my place to invite the present company to share with me in the due consideration of it. "Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls."

It was evidently founded on the scripture doctrine of the depravity of man—his lapse, his loss, his fall. A doctrine which must be verified in the experience of every one disposed to look into himself and to examine his heart, which has been declared to be "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—who can know it." To be founded upon a principle, that man was not able to relieve himself from this state—to bring himself out of it by any thing that he possesses as man—That all the gifts of the understanding, valuable as they are, and though they are also the treasures of God, are altogether incompetent to effect so great and so necessary an end. And hence the exhortation is of universal application. It has not lost any of its force by the lapse of time since it was spoken. It applies to us, quite as much as it did to the primitive believers to whom it was addressed. And in this view, my friends, I have felt an affectionate solicitude, that we may be disposed to make the application of it in a suitable manner to ourselves.

It is a sentiment in which I presume we shall agree,—I hope upon this point there will be no difference in the present company—that by the coming in the flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the counsel of the divine will, by his glorious incarnation, the wonderful works by which he did while in that prepared body, his meritorious death for the sins of the world—a doctrine as said Robert Barclay, that ought to be preached every where, and we entreat should be believed by all professors of the christian name—that through this wonderful display of divine power, and of divine mercy, we are put in a capacity for salvation—we, to use a scripture expression, are delivered by it from the curse of the law. This wonderful display of divine goodness, and unmerited mercy, is of a character calculated to impress upon our minds, feelings of gratitude that it would be difficult to make open—that he should send because he first loved us—he loved us before we loved him—and that in consequence of this love, he should send his only begotten son into the world, as a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of mankind—that the just should suffer for the unjust, in order to bring us to God.

Much, very much, has been done for us, without us. We ought to be grateful for it. We ought at the same time to consider that all this of itself will not save the soul—a sentiment, I hope, in which we shall all agree—that by this wonderful display of divine love and mercy, we are put as I have said, in a capacity for salvation, in order to effect which, according to the gracious purpose of our heavenly Father, we are called upon by all that is sacred and solemn, to receive with meekness that superadded principle of divine love, that "grace of God that bringeth salvation, and hath appeared unto all men, teaching that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, that we should live soberly, righteously, and Godly, in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." It is this grace of God that brings salvation, and which has appeared unto all men, that the apostle James speaks of as the engrafted word—that superadded principle of divine grace, wholly apart and distinct from any thing that we possess as mere men and fallen creatures—apart from the gifts of understanding, valuable, truly valuable as they are—it is that eternal, vital spark of divine love, which in unmerited mercy, is offered to our acceptance, and which alone can redeem, in the strict sense of the word, can redeem from sin and from transgression.

I have felt rather an unusual solicitude on the present occasion, that we may look, my friends, carefully at it. We make very high profession—we are disposed to be called christians, —our feelings probably would be wounded were we denied the appellation—while we consider that a christian is the highest title of man, we should consider that the mere profession of it, does not constitute christianity, in the true sense of the word.—But it is a conformity to the will and power of God, through Jesus Christ, our Holy Redeemer—it consists in our being made new creatures, by the operation of this power—"that if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature—old things are done away, all things have become new, and all things of God."

Here then is the blessed effect of receiving with meekness the engrafted word—this power of an endless life, in relation to us. Oh, let us receive it with meekness, as the gift of God!—let us receive it with gratitude and thankfulness as that alone which can effect the work of our salvation, and bring us from a lost and fallen state in which we stand in a state of nature—can bring us into a living acquaintance with our Lord and Redeemer—can make us indeed new creatures alive unto God.

Were all the professors of the christian religion—Were all those who say they believe in the benign influence of the Holy Spirit, willing to receive this engrafted word in meekness, and suffer it at all times to have its due effect, and operate in their hearts, according to the gracious design of the blessed Giver, what incalculable benefit would result from it! we should then see, were the members and professors of the christian church, thus engaged to submit to and live under the vital influence of the redeeming grace of Jesus Christ—such would be the effect produced, that individuals would be found travelling towards Zion the city of the Saint's solemnity—progressing in the spiritual life—manifesting that they are desirous of being redeemed from the world, and its delusive spirit. And the church, because of the faithfulness and spirituality of its members, would be seen coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on her beloved, clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners. Oh, my friends for the coming of this day, when the church, the professed church of Christ may be seen coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on her beloved —How descriptive! Leaning on her beloved—not leaning on any thing short of this—not leaning upon the gifts of understanding—not leaning upon any of the knowledge of this world—not leaning on any of our own notions—no my friends,—leaning on her beloved—and while leaning there, safe—leaning on her beloved.

And the more we are under the influence of this blessed spirit, and the more we are weaned from the world, and its fascinating and delusive spirit, the more we shall feel ourselves and see ourselves as we really are. And the more we feel that we have no strength, no power, no capacity, but what we received from the beloved of souls, Christ our Lord,—and the more we are resigned to depend upon him, and receive counsel from him, happy would it be for us—the church would be found leaning on her beloved, which would make her clear and bright —clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.

While happily living under this blessed and delightful state—far to the real sincere seeker after truth, it is indeed delightful—while living under the influence, power, and spirit of truth, we are in a situation—our minds are prepared to appreciate the mercy and goodness of God, to a lost and fallen world. We are not then disposed to plume ourselves on any attainments that we may have made. Though we may properly appreciate these things, yet whilst in this state of humble and reverent dependence upon the Father of all our sure mercies, we shall see that

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

And this I believe to be the effect—the certain effect of the operation of the redeeming spirit of Christ upon our hearts and minds, that it enables us to make this discrimination—this proper discrimination between knowledge and wisdom. It enlightens our minds to see that nothing, strictly speaking, can be called wisdom but that which leads us to a submission to the government of the Prince of Peace. It leads us to see that knowledge—all knowledge unsanctified is an empty bubble; and however we may think of it now, my friends, the time will come when we shall find it to be, that all unsanctified knowledge is an empty bubble, and that wisdom consists in our knowing ourselves as sinners, and Jesus Christ as our Redeemer and Saviour.

This is the doctrine that I wish to inculcate; that we may be happily brought through obedience to this renovating power, to a knowledge of this true and saving wisdom—to know ourselves as sinners, and Jesus Christ as our Saviour. By submission to what I have alluded, the operation of divine power upon our own hearts, this state is to be attained.

We can scarcely contemplate the scene that was acted without the gates of Jerusalem—we can scarcely view in idea, Jesus Christ suspended on the cross, suffering for the sins of the whole world—we can scarcely see the spear in his side—the blood issuing thence, without feeling our minds very tenderly touched, and without feeling a spirit condemning such a dreadful act!—and yet, my friends, when we reflect in this way, are we always disposed to consider and to examine whether we in relation to ourselves, and in relation to the operation of his spirit within ourselves? for "he that is with you, shall be in you," was his own declaration; are we always sufficiently disposed to inquire whether in one sense we are not guilty of the same; whether in some degree we are not in relation to ourselves, crucifying him, and putting him to open shame, by rebelling against the law of the spirit of life in our own hearts, when it comes in contact with our favorite views and pursuits, and those gratifications that we desire to indulge ourselves in? I appeal to your own feelings—I am not disposed to charge any of you—it is not my business at all—I love my friends, I love my fellow heirs to immortality, too well for this—I love them too well even to suspect, much less to charge any—nevertheless in the feeling of love which I have, I feel inclined to propose to the present assembly, whether good, and much good could not result from that state of solemn introversion, that I believe to be so profitable and necessary for us? It is in this state of solemn introversion, communing with our own hearts, not only when thus sitting in meetings for worship, but on other occasions, communing with our own hearts and our God, that our minds will be enlightened and prepared to discover whether we are not sometimes in danger of putting him to open shame, by resisting the operation of the law of the spirit of life in our own hearts, by which we can be redeemed from the law of sin and death. This is the engrafted word, that is alone able to save the soul, and if we resist its operation, if we resist its entreaties, because it comes in contact with our creaturely inclinations and unmortified desires to serve ourselves, and we will serve them, we resist him when it comes thus in contact with those dispositions—when it pleads with us "why will ye die, O house of Israel?"—if we turn a deaf ear to its rebukes and instructions, are we not in some measure piercing him as with a spear—the spear of disobedience? I believe there are those here, who understand me—who from causes of this kind have often been bowed and bitter reflection—I believe there are those among you who would at this time, have been much more forward in the work of salvation and newness of life, had this engrafted word been received with meekness—in childlike docility, and with gratitude—had it been properly applied, and suffered to produce its own blessed influence. Had this been the case, there are some of you, my friends, who, I believe, would have been more redeemed from the world, than is now the case—who would have known more of the enjoyments of the divine light—who would have known more of that happiness and comfort which result from obedience to the law of the spirit of life in Jesus Christ our Lord—and I believe the language now is, my friends, let the time past suffice; and for time to come, let us be engaged to double our diligence—to pray to the Father of all our sure mercies—to acknowledging our sins and transgressions—pray to the Father of all our sure mercies that he will draw nearer to us—that he will not take away his good spirit from us; for if, my friends, he should do this—if in consequence of our disobedience and gainsaying, he should take away his good spirit from us, how deplorable—how awful indeed would be our situation! For the time will come—the moment must arrive, when we shall find, whether we are willing to find it or not, that we have nothing to trust in, nothing to depend upon but the mercy of God, in Jesus Christ our Lord; and the moment will arrive when we shall find, after having done all that we can—after having endeavored to receive with meekness the engrafted word, and suffering its holy, blessed and redeeming influence to operate upon us—in the awful moment of death, we shall find that there is still a chasm—a great chasm, which nothing but mercy—unmerited divine mercy, can supply. It is therefore of vital importance, that we avail ourselves of the present opportunity, mercifully offered, that we should improve it in the best possible way, and thus redeem ourselves. Let it not be said of any of us,

"The bell strikes one—we take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours;
Where are they? With the years beyond the
flood."

Where are they, my friends—where are our departed hours? They are mingled with years beyond the flood! and so will it be. In a very short time, will the moments that are now upon us, while we are thus engaged, be mingled with years beyond the flood—never, never to be recovered—they are gone in relation to us! Now then is the time—now is the accepted time—now is the day of God's salvation. Let us improve it in the best possible manner, by receiving with meekness the engrafted word, which effects our salvation. Let none of the pleasures—let none of the accumulations or maxims of this world, prevent us from a humble and grateful reception of this redeeming principle. We know very well that we are exposed to various temptations—that this world and the things of it cling closely to us—and we know, or we ought to know, that it is the design of the gospel, that we shall become redeemed from those things, and thus prepared for increasing usefulness while in the world; and happily through the influence of divine power, when the vital spark shall have fled, be prepared also, for a transition among the saints in bliss.

I remember while speaking, a remark of the celebrated Doctor Johnson—I believe it was to his particular friend Garrick. When Garrick was showing him his fine house and furniture, and his beautiful gardens, and a variety of things of this kind,—as he showed them to the Doctor, I think his remark to Garrick was, putting his hand on his shoulder, Ah, David, David, DAVID, *these are the things that make deathbeds terrible! These are the things that make deathbeds terrible!* Not they themselves, my friends, but our improper love of them—our suffering them to engross our attention, to captivate our hearts, and disincline us from loving our christian duties—disincline us from submitting to that power which can alone redeem from all of those things, and increase our love for our heavenly Father. For as we come to love him with all our hearts, with all our souls, and with all our might, which will be the effect of a submission to the influence of the spirit of Jesus Christ in our hearts, we shall certainly love the world and the things of it less. "For if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him"—and I know of no doctrine more necessary to be urged—I know of no sentiment more important to be urged, than that we love the truth more, and the world less than we do. As this comes to be happily the case, the church already mentioned will be seen in increasing brightness, coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on her beloved.

And I greatly desire that none who are here, may be in the least degree discouraged by any remarks that I have made. I desire that no sincere seeker after truth—that no careworn traveller—and such there are here, I have no doubt—may take discouragement from any thing I have said. My feelings are different—my disposition is different, altogether so from wishing to say a word, that should in the least degree damp the feelings of any sincere seeker. I know there are many trials for these—very many discouragements for such—and probably the plaintive language of their minds is "I am, alas! so poor, weak and frail, I know not what will become of me, as I am endeavoring to step in the tribulated path of gospel obedience!" I wish such may be encouraged—I wish their faith in Jesus Christ and his power, may be increased. Cast all your troubles, afflictions, and cares, in confidence upon him, and him alone; and he who careth for the sparrow, will not suffer that which is of more value than many sparrows, to fall to the ground. He is a compassionate, long suffering God. He sees his people in all their tribulations, as they really are. He knows how to suffer, and his blessing and sustaining power is underneath, supporting such, when they themselves are not aware of it, and feel as if they must inevitably sink, and sometimes almost conclude that they have become cast away. I would say to such as have already received with meekness the engrafted word—I would say to such, hold it fast let nothing wrest it from you—keep it as your greatest treasure, and principal good. Bless with the little strength you have; bless the great Giver, that has furnished you with a teacher that shall not be removed into a corner. Oh, blessed teacher, that cannot be removed into a corner! And the eyes of such—the spiritual eyes of such will see with clearness and precision, that this teacher is with them, even when from afflictions, they may feel as if they have not power to call for divine aid, or to submit to the teaching and government of this blessed teacher.

Oh! my friends, what a mercy, what an indiscribable mercy it is, that we who have no power to help ourselves, in relation to our truest interest, and greatest good, are thus cared for! "Say to them which are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not." I believe this to be the language of truth in our day. I do consider it a day of trial—of deep trial, and sore conflict; and perhaps we may experience an increase of trial and conflict—"Say to them which are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you." Yes, my friends, he will come and save you—save all those who have none in heaven but him, nor in all the earth in comparison with him, who desire to cast down every crown at his footstool. This is the state which we ought all to come to. And when this is the condition of the mind, it will be sustained under all the troubles and afflictions with which it may be assailed. When this is our state, we shall be as clay in the hands of the Potter, and he will form of us vessels to his honour and to his praise.

I think I feel a degree of affectionate sympathy with the tribulated seed. There is a tribulated seed—there is a seeking seed, and in many instances, a hidden seed, in the present day, that seem almost borne down, and overwhelmed on account of a sense of their own weakness. In this state of feeling, my friends, you must trust in the Lord. This is the language of truth.—"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." What can we desire more! "So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." I view such as those to whom I have recently alluded, as the salt of the earth—and well for us that we have some salt. I hope more than a little—for regard—these shall experience God's sustaining, for such it is that receive with meekness the engrafted word. And I hope that the number of such may increase—and it will increase by all endeavouring to receive with meekness, the engrafted word, and nobly concluding to submit to its blessed operation, and not suffering the world and its delusive influences, to draw them aside and bitter reflection—I believe there are those among you who would at this time, have been much more forward in the work of salvation and newness of life, had this engrafted word been received with meekness—in childlike docility, and with gratitude—had it been properly applied, and suffered to produce its own blessed influence. Had this been the case, there are some of you, my friends, who, I believe, would have been more redeemed from the world, than is now the case—who would have known more of the enjoyments of the divine light—who would have known more of that happiness and comfort which result from obedience to the law of the spirit of life in Jesus Christ our Lord—and I believe the language now is, my friends, let the time past suffice; and for time to come, let us be engaged to double our diligence—to pray to the Father of all our sure mercies—to acknowledging our sins and transgressions—pray to the Father of all our sure mercies that he will draw nearer to us—that he will not take away his good spirit from us; for if, my friends, he should do this—if in consequence of our disobedience and gainsaying, he should take away his good spirit from us, how deplorable—how awful indeed would be our situation! For the time will come—the moment must arrive, when we shall find, whether we are willing to find it or not, that we have nothing to trust in, nothing to depend upon but the mercy of God, in Jesus Christ our Lord; and the moment will arrive when we shall find, after having done all that we can—after having endeavored to receive with meekness the engrafted word, and suffering its holy, blessed and redeeming influence to operate upon us—in the awful moment of death, we shall find that there is still a chasm—a great chasm, which nothing but mercy—unmerited divine mercy, can supply. It is therefore of vital importance, that we avail ourselves of the present opportunity, mercifully offered, that we should improve it in the best possible way, and thus redeem ourselves. Let it not be said of any of us,

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knock and it shall be opened unto you." I wish you to believe this my friends. It really seems to me, that there are those here, who are almost on the eve of giving up, and concluding that they must fall by the way. But look upon him, who loved you before you loved him. Put up your secret petitions to him, in the little faith that you have, and they will be heard and answered; and you will be sustained in all your conflicts and in all your trials.

May the Lord be with us—in blessing may he bless us; and may he multiply his blessings unto us; that so we may experience that redemption, which the gospel of Jesus Christ can alone furnish; and be prepared to become heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ our holy Redeemer.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

AN EVENING SCENE.

[The Irish have a superstitious notion that when a smile plays over the face of a sleeping infant, angels are whispering to it.]

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling! oh, come back to
me!"

Her beads while she numbered
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh, blessed be that warning,
My child thy sweet babe adorning—
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermont returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I know that the angels were whispering with
thee!"

NIGHTS AT MESS.

It was unanimously agreed, that old Hixie's ornaments were of essential service to his story, as people don't like to have their sympathies excited by a fellow with the marks of the cat-o'-nine-tails on his back. One story as is always the case, led to another, and I am sorry I can't recollect half the good anecdotes that were told that night. Wine seems to sharpen the imagination, and blunt the memory; but memory, as the veracious Quartermaster says, is a most contemptible faculty, and unworthy of a man of originality and genius. The young stranger to whom that worthy gentleman had addressed his conversation, related an incident that occurred to a friend of his which, as Mathews says, "made a great sensation at the time."

"You are acquainted, perhaps," he said, "with Bryan Jones of the 6—th?"

"Bryan Jones!" replied the Quartermaster: "to be sure I am—a very nice little fellow, though rather too much of a lady's-man for my taste."

"A little effeminate or so—but a good-natured, generous, fellow at bottom, and as bold as if he was big as an elephant. I was living a few years ago with him in the neighbourhood of Chester, and, as usual, was made the confidant of all his love passages and declarations, of which there might be, on an average, about three a-week. On this occasion, he was more steady than usual, and was occupied entirely with one tender passion for at least ten days. The object of it he had never seen; but he knew that she was closely secured up by her brother, an old gentleman, who had a villa about two miles from the city. This information, limited as it was, was enough to set the susceptible Bryan on fire. He heard afterwards that the lady was rich; and it was strongly suspected that the brother immured her so closely, to prevent any one depriving him of his sister's fortune; and it was also darkly insinuated that, to cloak his infamous purpose, he gave out, that she was hopelessly deranged. The infernal, selfish, unnatural scoundrel,' said Bryan, 'to close up youth, beauty, innocence, and twenty thousand pounds! I'll rescue the ill-fated lady or perish in the attempt!' The first step he taken was, if possible, to get his cousin Jenks. We made out that at one time he had practised as a surgeon in some other part of the country, but, on his accession to a fortune, had retired to the beautiful neighbourhood of Chester; and now that he had assumed the gentleman, was very anxious to conceal that he had ever been engaged in compounding pills. The taste, however, of his ancient calling still stuck to him in spite of his attempts to exact the country squire—his conversation smelt of the gallipot—and his love for natural history had converted his house into a museum. Stuffed birds hung round his walls instead of pictures—you hung your hat in the lobby on the dorsal extremity of an antediluvian bear, and his chimney-piece ornaments were composed of a long row of bottles, filled with the most horrid tadpoles and two-headed monsters it was possible to conceive. But his collection was not restricted to the dead—he had a sort of menagerie of the living. Foxes, wolves, jackdaws, and all manner of birds and beasts, hooted, howled, screamed, and bellowed throughout the mansion. Squire Jenks might have left his doors quite open in the most lawless of times, as few housebreakers, I imagine, would run the risk of furnishing so many ravenous animals with a mouthful. All this, and a good deal more information of a similar sort, Mr. Bryan picked up at the reading-room frequented by Mr. Jenks. But though all the other subscribers were garrulous in their descriptions of the genius of Jenks and his establishment, not one of them pretended to be acquainted with either. The gentleman, indeed, they bowed to, and sometimes exchanged a word within the room; but the mansion, with all its mons'rosities and curiosities, was to them a *terra incognita*. 'But his sister!' said Bryan Jones; 'you're sure he has a sister? The detestable, inhuman villain, to keep a beautiful young creature like her in the very same den with wolves and foxes!' And Bryan was prodigiously in love, without even seeing the object of his passion.

For two or three days the lover kept prowling in the neighbourhood of the villa. As evening came on, he advanced his approaches to the garden-wall, looked attentively at all the windows, and fixed upon one of them, as if by intuition, as the chamber-window of the unhappy prisoner. It was about half-past eight, on a beautiful night in August: he lifted some fine gravel, and threw it against the window-pane. It was immediately opened, and there appeared, in the dimness of twilight, a very graceful figure, dressed all in white, with a countenance which Bryan declared to be beautiful, though he was forced to confess that he came to that conclusion in total ignorance of its features, the darkness being so considerable as to put it out of his power to make affidavit to the lady's possession of either nose or eyes.

"I am come to rescue you, you adorable creature," he exclaimed, "from the infernal Noah's Ark they've put you into!"

"You're very kind," said the lady, in a voice that even Bryan's enthusiasm could not hinder him from thinking rather cold than otherwise. "This is not Noah's Ark—'tis Buffing Villar."

"Buffing Villar!" replied Bryan. "Never mind the name of it—it is a confounded place—leave it, my dear Miss Jenks, and make me the happiest of men."

"Why should I leave it, and why will my leaving it make you the happiest of men?"

"By being mine!—by allowing me to throw myself and fortune at your feet!"

"Yourself!" replied the lady. "Who are you? Your fortune, how much is it?"

"Come," thought the persevering Bryan, "this looks like business. As to myself, madam, I have the honour to be Bryan Jones, esquire, holding a lieutenant's commission in his Majesty's—th regiment of foot, five-and-twenty years of age next fourteenth day of September, five feet seven inches and three quarters (with my boots on,) and a certainty of a regiment, if I live long enough, and have money to buy my steps. My fortune is not large at present, though quite enough with the help of unlimited tick, to keep me with all the comforts of a gentleman: but my prospects are considerable. Indeed, I see no reason to despair of shortly coming into possession of twenty thousand pounds, (she will never think of keeping it in her own possession!")

The sentences in parenthesis were spoken aside, and the gentleman's description of himself seemed to have made a favourable impression, for the lady after a short pause said,

"I think it would be delightful. Do you look well in a red coat?"

"Why, if you insist on an answer to so perplexing a question," replied Bryan, "I should say that, considering I am not so tall as Major Flannigan, who is six feet four, nor so heavy as our colonel who broke his charger's back, I am as good-looking as any officer on parade."

"I think I must give up the captain."

"Certainly, by all means," interrupted Bryan, "order him to the right about. Shall I shoot him?"

"Oh no, there's no occasion; he is very obedient."

"Who the devil is he? What is his name? In what service is he captain?"

"He is in my service," replied the lady. "I loved him very much."

"You did?" said Bryan. "Well!"

"I don't love him now at all. He sometimes tries to bite me!"

"The scoundrel!"

"So I think of turning him off, and giving myself entirely to you."

"Best! dearest! What an angel you are! You can't possibly do better."

"I think not."

"Then throw yourself at once into my arms, and——"

"Oh no; I can't do that. This is a very high window; and besides, look! they have put bars to it."

"Then let me come to you."

"Whenever you like—the sooner the better—but stop! Are you blue faced?"

"Yes! I am very dark in the complexion."

"Have you a ring?"

"Yes."

"What is it? Rough or smooth?"

"A plain one. The ladies I fancy like that the best."

"Oh yes. And how tall did you say?"

"Five feet seven inches and three quarters."

"Why, that nasty little captain was only three feet two."

"Then I fancy he was not in the grenadiers."

"Five feet seven! What a beauty you must be," continued the lady. "Get to me as soon as you can."

"I will call and offer myself to your brother."

"He will be delighted to see you, and so shall I. Good-night."

"Was there ever such a lucky fellow in the universe?" said Bryan, as he cantered back to Chester—"though Miss Jenks is certainly a bit of a rum one. Who the deuce could that disgusting little captain be? Can it be Fusby of ours? But no; he is more than three feet two. And asking me so plump about the ring; that shews she's up to snuff. I shall marry her next week, and get my company in a fortnight."

Bryan consulted me that night as to his farther proceedings. After turning over many plans, we at last fixed that the boldest was the best; that he had better go at once to Mr. Jenk's house, and open the business in form.

Before we retired to our couches, Bryan had given me an invitation to his shooting-box next season, and let me into all his intentions about the disposal of his money; and that night, I will be bound for it, if no other in his life, he enjoyed golden dreams.

Next day Bryan mounted after parade, and I don't think Chester-gate ever gave exit to so finished a dandy. A barber had been curling his hair, his servant brushing his coat half the morning, and such a powerful perfume filled the town as he ambled along the street, that you might have fancied him one of the three Kings of Cologne.

When he arrived at the gate, he rang the bell with a lordly air; but waited for a long time before any one came to the door. At last it was opened by a slip-shod wench, with long red hair, and Bryan began his interrogatories.

"Is Mr. Jenks at home?"

"Suppose a he, what's that to you?".

"I wish to see him."

"Like enough; he doesn't want to see thee though."

"Is he engaged?"

"Yes; a he."

"With company?"

"Yes; he and missis be shaving the captain."

"That cursed captain again. What did you say, my pretty girl? that your mistress was shaving the captain?"

"Yes; and cuttin' the nails o' um."

"Shaving and cutting his nails! He must be a cursedly odd fellow, this captain. What is his name my girl?"

"His name was Mr. Stephen Jenks. We made out that at one time he had practised as a surgeon in some other part of the country, but, on his accession to a fortune, had retired to the beautiful neighbourhood of Chester; and now that he had assumed the gentleman, was very anxious to conceal that he had ever been engaged in compounding pills. The taste, however, of his ancient calling still stuck to him in spite of his attempts to exact the country squire—his conversation smelt of the gallipot—and his love for natural history had converted his house into a museum. Stuffed birds hung round his walls instead of pictures—you hung your hat in the lobby on the dorsal extremity of an antediluvian bear, and his chimney-piece ornaments were composed of a long row of bottles, filled with the most horrid tadpoles and two-headed monsters it was possible to conceive. But his collection was not restricted to the dead—he had a sort of menagerie of the living. Foxes, wolves, jackdaws, and all manner of birds and beasts, hooted, howled, screamed, and bellowed throughout the mansion. Squire Jenks might have left his doors quite open in the most lawless of times, as few housebreakers, I imagine, would run the risk of furnishing so many ravenous animals with a mouthful. All this, and a good deal more information of a similar sort, Mr. Bryan picked up at the reading-room frequented by Mr. Jenks. But though all the other subscribers were garrulous in their descriptions of the genius of Jenks and his establishment, not one of them pretended to be acquainted with either. The gentleman, indeed, they bowed to, and sometimes exchanged a word within the room; but the mansion, with all its mons'rosities and curiosities, was to them a *terra incognita*. 'But his sister!' said Bryan Jones; 'you're sure he has a sister? The detestable, inhuman villain, to keep a beautiful young creature like her in the very same den with wolves and foxes!' And Bryan was prodigiously in love, without even seeing the object of his passion.

For two or three days the lover kept prowling in the neighbourhood of the villa. As evening came on, he advanced his approaches to the garden-wall, looked attentively at all the windows, and fixed upon one of them, as if by intuition, as the chamber-window of the unhappy prisoner. It was about half-past eight, on a beautiful night in August: he lifted some fine gravel, and threw it against the window-pane. It was immediately opened, and there appeared, in the dimness of twilight, a very graceful figure, dressed all in white, with a countenance which Bryan declared to be beautiful, though he was forced to confess that he came to that conclusion in total ignorance of its features, the darkness being so considerable as to put it out of his power to make affidavit to the lady's possession of either nose or eyes.

"I am come to rescue you, you adorable creature," he exclaimed, "from the infernal Noah's Ark they've put you into!"

"You're very kind," said the lady, in a voice that even Bryan's enthusiasm could not hinder him from thinking rather cold than otherwise. "This is not Noah's Ark—'tis Buffing Villar."

"Buffing Villar!" replied Bryan. "Never mind the name of it—it is a confounded place—leave it, my dear Miss Jenks, and make me the happiest of men."

"Why should I leave it, and why will my leaving it make you the happiest of men?"

"By being mine!—by allowing me to throw myself and fortune at your feet!"

"Yourself!" replied the lady. "Who are you? Your fortune, how much is it?"

"Come," thought the persevering Bryan, "this looks like business. As to myself, madam, I have the honour to be Bryan Jones, esquire, holding a lieutenant's commission in his Majesty's—th regiment of foot, five-and-twenty years of age next fourteenth day of September, five feet seven inches and three quarters (with my boots on,) and a certainty of a regiment, if I live long enough, and have money to buy my steps. My fortune is not large at present, though quite enough with the help of unlimited tick, to keep me with all the comforts of a gentleman: but my prospects are considerable. Indeed, I see no reason to despair of shortly coming into possession of twenty thousand pounds, (she will never think of keeping it in her own possession!")

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"Bryan replied that he had never heard of any such science before. He therefore answered at a venture,—"Oh yes; in fact it is a most delightful study. Comparisons are odorous, as Mrs. Malaprop says."

"Malaprop? I don't know the name," replied Mr. Jenks: "is she a naturalist?"

"Faith I don't know whether she is a naturalist or not, but she's as natural as if she were a real woman."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Jenks, taking out his pocket-book with the greatest animation, "not a *real woman!* what is the nature of her peculiarity? you will do me the greatest favour in the world if you will tell me where I may meet with her."

"Oh, you may see her any night you please in Covent Garden."

"Thank you, I will certainly find her out next time I go to town. I myself have an instance in this very collection of a very extraordinary *lusus naturæ*. I have a cat, sir, with five legs."

"Oh that's nothing at all," replied Mr. Bryan, with the utmost assurance, "we have a cat in our barracks with nine tails."

"You surprise me; have you it with you? That I conclude was the curiosity which induced you to come here. Sir, I am much obliged for your very great politeness. May I see it?"

"See it! my dear sir, I shall be happy to make you a present of it."

"The little man jumped up from his seat, and seized the happy lieutenant's hand. "What have I done," he said, "to deserve such kindness, such generosity? Have you any wish for any thing I have got? It shall be yours."

"Why, yes, I must confess, Mr. Jenks, I had another object in visiting you to-day. You have another object in this house, the possession of which would indeed crown my felicity." Bryan sighed as he said these words, and looked romantic with all his might.

"I shall be truly happy, I assure you, Captain; may I beg the favour of your name?"

"Bryan Jones."

"I shall be happy, Captain Bryan Jones, to give you a large vial, containing, I believe, the finest specimen of a bicephalous reptile in England—"

("My heavens!" thought Bryan, "here's a pretty fellow, to keep his bucephalus in a vial—")

"Or a box, containing the dorsal vertebræ of an ichthyosaurus; or some of the hair of the huge Megatherion that was found a few years ago at the mouth of the Tanais or Don—"

Bryan bowed very low to all these polite offers, but did not seem to jump at them so zealously as the enthusiast expected.

"Perhaps," he continued, "you have set your heart on some particular object—if so, name it."

"Unfortunately I am not acquainted with the name."

"That's a pity—can you describe it? is it coleopterous or lepidopterous? terrestrial, aerial, or marine? carnivorous, graminivorous, or omnivorous? oviparous, or viviparous? animal, mineral, or vegetable? Whatever I have I shall be happy to give it to you in exchange for your inestimable present of nine-tails; by the hand of Aristotle, half the number would set Buckland dancing."

"I believe they would—but really, sir, you embarrass me with your kind offers—my whole ambition has but one aim; it is not for any of your curiosities, packed up in boxes or bottles, that I am anxious: but for one far more valuable, far more lovely, than any of them, the prime jewel of all your possession; your beautiful, your enchanting——"

"Miss Sophy!—I know from your rhapsodies all your about to say. It would indeed, be dreadful to part with her; so sweet, so gentle; dear, dear Miss Sophy!"

"Ah! dear, indeed," echoed Bryan; "I think I never saw so perfectly lovely and angelic a creature."

"Saw, sir? Where did you see her? I thought no one had seen her but myself."

Mr. Jenks flushed in the cheek as he said this, and cast a glance of angry suspicion on his visitor.

"Why, sir, I saw her," replied the Lieutenant; and what is more, I spoke to her; and what is more, it is solely on her account that I came here. Your kindness has already been so excessive, that I hope you will not withdraw it, after having gone so far, but allow me to make a better acquaintance with her, in order to secure her affections."

"Oh, you need be under no uneasiness about that. A little kindness is sure to make her fond all her days. [illegible] in bestowing her affections one of the finest fellows, is not a very common one in beauties of her sex."

"Ah! but if I should be so unfortunate as to fail in acquiring her love!" said Bryan, pretending to look modestly dejected.

"Why, then, take a stick, and give her a thump on the head. She will like you all the better for it."

Bryan looked at the old man as he propounded this ingenious idea, and felt very much inclined to kick him out of

Saturday, May 23.

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Kentucky is poor," is a church of shrieking sanctimoniousness. If we can find less, but very obviously endeavour to improve none of us, we shall, perhaps, be happy.

We have received communications before us, purporting to be the free essays of young writers, in which the contents are mentioned as an apology for our not inserting them. We regret, however, receive no such apology, where the serious evidence not the slightest marks of talent or genius, as the publication of their articles would raise expectations which might prove to prejudice them. If this character are not severe and "A. F." "Jenny Dorr" and "J. F. M." respectively the "Vicissitudes of Human Feelings." are respectfully declined. The article is too long for our [illegible]

"T. A. S." and "Timothy Oldsyle" are rejected.

Our New Haven friend we cannot oblige. His letter remains in the post office, postage unpaid.

Mr. McMahin, of the News Rooms, 219 north Third street, has received from New York, the certificates on the "Journal," which we mentioned in our last paper. They are well executed, and almost an ornament to the book itself. One of the plates illustrate this passage:

"I come to my cabin; my dinner followed me thither, and lying on my back, I very comfortably discussed it."

Another thus:—

"My dear father, who was a little elated, made me sing to him, which I greatly gabbed at."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Harper Revenue, &c.—Messrs. Key & Mielke of this city, have now in press, a new statistical work, which will be issued in the course of next month, containing a great variety of useful information in relation to the general government, and the government of the several states. The first portion of the volume is devoted to an exposition of the duties and powers of the President and Vice President of the United States, the Judiciary, Congress, Army and Navy, &c. and furnishes also, a number of tables and statistics, valuable for reference. The mode of electing the President and Vice President by Electors, and by Congress is given, with a particular account of the election of Mr. Adams, by Congress, in 1824, and a sketch of the naturalization laws of the United States, and the election laws of Pennsylvania.

The second and larger portion of the work, gives a sketch of the legislative departments, &c. of each state, under separate heads, and also full returns of the votes cast at the last Presidential, Gubernatorial and Congressional elections, the names of the candidates, &c. These statistics will be of great service to politicians, during the approaching canvass for Governor in this state, and the work altogether cannot fail to be acceptable to all who desire to possess, in a compact form, information essential to a proper understanding of the nature and character of our general and state governments.

Cooper's Florida.—A history of the Conquest of Florida, by Hernando de Soto, from the pen of Theodore Irving, Esq. in two volumes, has just appeared from the press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard, of this city. It is an interesting sketch of a chivalric crusade, and furnishes many incidents connected with the early history and subjugation of Florida, by the Spanish Government, we have not before met with. The author, a nephew of Washington Irving, Esq. to whom the work is dedicated, seems to have bestowed much care and labour in the fulfilment of his labour, and he has certainly added to the numerous publications of the day, a work of much interest and value.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The April No. of this work, reached us last week, but not in time for a notice in our last paper. It commences a great variety of interesting and well-written original articles in prose and poetry. We are gratified to find that this work is efficiently sustained, and trust that its circulation is constantly increasing. Many of the articles in the present number, would do credit to an English Review.

Bond of Nature.—The June or twelfth number of this periodical, completing the second volume, has just been published, embellished with the usual number of large quarto engravings. This number contains as much valuable pictorial information on natural history as their publication. Its contents have been prepared with much care, and may be relied on for correctness. A few complete copies of the work may be obtained at the publication office, at the subscription price.

A treatise on Intemperance and Mania-a-potu, containing an exposition of the causes of intemperance, and the means of cure, from the pen of Dr. Draper, is about to be published in this city. The work is of a philosophical character, and will throw much light, it is believed, upon the history, pathology and treatment of mania-a-potu.

Two Two Friends.—By the Countess of Blessington.—This work is highly praised by the English critics, who affirm that it may safely be considered equal to any former production of the noble authoress.

We have not heard leisure to examine more than a few chapters, which, however, appear to be well written, though we cannot go so far as to concur in the opinion that it ranks with many of the works which have been written by Lady Blessington, some of which indeed have possessed extraordinary merit.

As a fashionable novel, and return by one who may be considered an unerring delineator—par excellence—of high life, it presents attractions which will of course ensure it a rapid sale.

Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, are the publishers of the American edition.

The Rev. Mr. Wolle, pastor of the United Brethren's Church of this city, has issued proposals for publishing a Collection of Choral Tunes, sung in the Moravian Church. The tunes will number about one hundred, and will be arranged for four voices and the piano forte or organ. The excellence of the Moravian music, is well appreciated by all who possess a cultivated taste for this pleasing science.

Bonaparte Relics in France.—The Harpers have just published the seventh, eighth and ninth volumes of the Theological Library, containing a history of the Reformed Religion in France, by the Rev. E. Smedley. The history commences in 1513, and is brought down to the year 1830, embracing a period of exciting interest to the Christian Church. The details of stirring events, recorded in these volumes, have more the character of romance than sober reality, yet they are, without doubt, historically correct. The writer evidences much ability and careful research in discussing his subjects, and the history must prove a valuable addition to the library of every christian reader.

Vineyards of Spain and France.—An interesting work on the culture of the vine in Spain and France, from the pen of James Busby, Esq. has just appeared. It contains a journal of a recent visit to the principal vineyards of Spain and France, and furnishes a particular account of the different methods pursued in the cultivation of the vine, and the manufacture of wine. Catalogues of the different kinds of grape are appended. The observations of the writer are of a practical character, and to those interested in the culture of the vine, the journal will be valuable.

The work is published by Charles S. Francis, New York, and Monroe & Francis, Boston.

Anatomical Pocket Folio.—The first number of this work, to which we made reference a week or two since, has just appeared. It contains a full length portrait of Wa-ba-ma, or the Foremost in Battle, chief of the Sioux tribe, the original painted at the treaty of Prairie du Chien, in 1825—a half length portrait of Ma-ha-ma-ni, or Brave Old, a Menomonie chief, sketched at the Treaty of Green Bay, in 1827—a half length portrait of Che-ko-ta, a Pottawattamie chief, taken at the treaty of Mississinewa, Indiana,—a full length portrait of Hung-pa-ha-ta'ton, or the Figured Shield, a Chippewa chief, sketched at the treaty of Fond du Lac, in 1826,—a half length portrait of Tshe-qua-qa, a celebrated chief, half Winnebago and half French, sketched at Green Bay, in 1827,—a full length sketch of Ma-sha-ka-kar, or the Big Wolf, a Menomonie chief, at the Prairie Fire, Prince of the Fox Tribe.

All these portraits are richly colored, and we are assured by the talented artist, Mr. Lewis, that they are true to nature. The publication possesses great interest, and cannot fail to be popular. The subscription price is two dollars per number. One number will be issued every month, until the work is completed.

STORIES OF IRELAND.

The Legends and Stories of Ireland, two volumes, lately published by Messrs. Carey and Hart, of this city, are a very pleasant collection of original papers, by Samuel Lover. They are taken, chiefly, from the British Magazines, and proved very popular with English readers, on account of their gay humor and wit.

The author has acted up to the spirit of his motto—"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow," and he furnishes in his volumes, a dish of life and eccentricities, spirit and humor, that cannot fail to be agreeable to every palate. His Barney O'Reardon, is an excellent hit, but as it is too long for our columns, we substitute a scene from a tale entitled "The Catastrophe."

He considered, at length, that this proximity to a convent, which at first he deemed such a fatality, might be turned to account, in a way of all others, congenial to his disposition, by affording him an opportunity of watching the movements of its inmates. Of the mysterious proceedings of such a body—of their unchaste intrigues, &c.&c. he himself had no doubt, and he forthwith commenced a system of espionage, that he might be enabled to produce proof for the conviction of others. During the day, there was a provoking property preserved about the place, that excited Mr. Daw's wrath—"ay, ay," would he mutter to himself, "they were always deep as well as danger—one they're too cunning to commit themselves by anything that might be easily discovered; but wait—wait until the moonlight nights are past, and I'll warrant my watching shan't go for nothing."

Under the dewy damps of night, many an hour did Mr. Daw hold his surveillance around the convent bounds; but still fortune favoured him not in his enterprise; and not one of the delinquencies, which he had no doubt were going forward, had he the good fortune to discover. No scarf was waved from the proscribed casements—no ladder of rope was to be found attached to the forbidden wall—no boat, with muffled oar, stealthily skimming along the waters, could be detected on the act of depositing "a gallant gay Lothario," in the Hesperian garden, where, he doubted not, many an adventurous Janet plucked forbidden fruit.

Chance, however, threw in his way a discovery, which all his premeditated endeavours had formerly failed to accomplish; for one evening, just as the last glimmer of departing day was vanishing the west, Mr. Daw, in company with a friend, (a congenial soul), when returning after a long day's shooting, in glorious anticipation of a good dinner, heard a splashing, as of a lash in the water, apparently proceeding from the extremity of the convent-wall, to which point they both directly hurried. What the noise originated in, we shall soon see; but a moment's pause must be first given to a few words of the cause of Mr. Daw's alarm.

He was a little bustling man, always fussing about something or other—eternally making frivolous excuses for paying visits at unseasonable hours, for the purpose of taking people by surprise, and seeing what they were about, and everlastingly giving people advice; and after any unpleasant accident, loss of property, or other casualty, he was always ready with an assurance, that "if that had been his case, he would have done so and so;" and gave ample grounds for you to understand that you were very little more nor less than a fool, and he the wisest of men since the days of Solomon.

* * * * * * *

We left Bean Peep and Jack Daw hurrying off towards the convent-wall, where it was washed by the river, to ascertain what caused the loud splash in the water, which they heard, and has already been noticed. On arriving at the extremity of Mr. Daw's grounds, they perceived the stream yet agitated, apparently from the sudden immersion of something into it; and, on looking more sharply through the dusk, they saw, floating rapidly down the current, a basket, at some distance, but not so far away as to prevent their hearing a faint cry, evidently proceeding from it; and the next moment they heard a female voice say, in the adjoining garden—or the convent, "The ice left go; the nasty creature, to do such a horrid thing——"

"Did you hear that?" said Mr. Daw.

"I did," said Bean Peep.

"There's proof positive," said Daw. "The villain, one pajoe jaffer, one of them has had a chid, and, some of her dear sisters are drowning it for her, to conceal her infamy."

"No doubt of it," said Bean Peep.

"I know it all along," said Jack Daw. "Come my dear friend," added he, "let us hasten back to O'Brien's cottage, and he'll row us down the river in his boat, and we may yet be enabled to reach the basket in time to possess ourselves of the proof of all this papish profligacy."

And off they ran to O'Brien's cottage; and hurrying O'Brien and his son to unmoor their boat, in which the gentlemen had passed a considerable part of the day in sporting, they jumped into the skiff, and urged the two men to pull away as fast as they could after the prize they hoped to obtain. Thus, though excessively hungry, and anxious for the dinner that was awaiting them all the time, they set off in a scandal was so much more curious than they were [illegible] "What's the matter with you, Jack Daw?" demanded O'Brien.

"Oh, a little bit down the river here," answered Mr. Daw; "for he did not wish to let it be known what he was in quest of, or his suspicions touching it, lest the peasants might baffle his ends, were a discovery; as he was sure they would strive to do in such a case, for the honour of the creed to which they belonged.

"Truth then, it's late your honour's goin' an the water this time o' day, and the night comin' an."

"Well, never mind that you, but pull away."

"By my soul, I'll pull like a young colt, if that be all, and Jim too, Sir, (that's your sort, Jimmy;) but at this gate o' goin', the extra tar off the rapids will be long, and sure if we go down there now, the darkness back we'll get to night."

"Oh, never mind that," said Daw, "we can return by the bridge."

As O'Brien calculated, they soon reached the rapids, and he called out to Jim, to "study the boat there;" and with skilful management the turbulent descent was passed in safety, and they glided onwards again, under the influence of their oars, over the level waters.

"Do you see it yet?" asked one of the friends to the other, who replied in the negative.

"Maybe it's the deep hole your honour it be look to," quoth O'Brien, in that peculiar vein of inquisitiveness which the Irish peasant indulges in, and through which he hopes, by presupposing a mistake of action, to discover in reality the object aimed at.

"No," answered Daw, rather abruptly.

"Oh, it's only bekase it's a strange place for satin' night-lines," said O'Brien; "and I was thinkin' maybe it's for that your honour of be."

"Oh!" said Bean Peep, "'tis nothing more than is caught by night lines, we're seeking—eh, Daw?"

"Ay, ay, and, by Jove, I think I see it a little way before us—well, O'Brien, pull!" and the boat trembled under the vigorous strokes of O'Brien and his son, and in a few minutes they were within an oar's length of the basket, which, by this time, was nearly sinking, and a moment or two later, had deprived Jack Daw and Bean Peep of the honour of the discovery, which they now were on the eve of completing.

"Lay hold of it," cried Mr. Daw; and Bean Peep, in "making a long arm," to secure the prize, so far overbalanced himself, that he went plump, head foremost into the river; and had it not been for the activity and strength of the elder O'Brien, that our pleasant history must have turned out a tragedy of the darkest dye, and not a subsequent discovery of the indefatigable Bean Peep, have remained in the town plotted depths of secresy. But, fortunately for the lovers of family secrets, the memorable Bean Peep was drawn, dripping, from the river, by O'Brien, at the same moment that Jack Daw, with the boat-hook, secured the basket.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Daw, in triumph.

"Are, and I've got it too," chattered forth poor Bean Peep.

"What's the matter with you, my dear friend?" said Daw, who, as he was try to obtain the basket, never perceived the fatality that had befallen his friend.

"I've been nearly drowned, that's all," whined forth the unhappy little amoral, as he was shaking the water out of his ears.

"Truth, it was lucky I had my hand so ready," said O'Brien, "or faith, maybe it's more nor a basket we'd have to be lookin' for."

"My dear fellow," said Daw, "let us get ashore immediately, and by the exercise of walking, you may counteract the bad effects that the accident might otherwise produce. Get the boat ashore, O'Brien, as fast as possible. But we have got the basket, however and that's some consolation for you."

"Yes," said the shivering little scandal-hunter, "I don't mind the drenching, since we have secured that."

"Why then," as he pulled towards the shore, "now I make so bold as to ask your honour, what curiosity does it in an oval basket, to make you take so much trouble, and risk hand drowned in yourselves above you catch it?"

"Oh, never you mind," said Mr. Daw; "you shall soon know all about it. By the by, my dear friend," turning to Terrier, "I think we had to let proceed, as soon as we get ashore, to our neighbour Sturdy's—he is the nearest house we know of; there you may be enabled to change your wet clothes, and he, being a magistrate, we can sweep out information against the delinquents in the case.

"Very true," said the unfortunate Bean Peep, as he stepped ashore, assisted by O'Brien, who, when the gentlemen proceeded some paces in advance, said to his son, who bore the dearly-won basket, that "the poor little whisp (meaning Bean Peep) looked, for all the world, like a dog in a wet sack."

On they pushed, at a smart pace, until the twinkling of lights through some neighbouring trees announced to them the vicinity of Squire Sturdy's mansion. The worthy Squire had just taken his first glass of wine after the cloth had been drawn, when the servant announced the arrival of Mr. Daw, and his half-drowned friend, who soon at once entered into the dining room.

"Bless us!" said the Squire; "what's the matter with the gentlemen?"

"Hush, sir," answered our little hero, "an unfortunate accident on their country—"

"Oh, oh!" said the Squire; "I should think that quite in your line—just exploring the secrets of the river! Why, my dear sir, if you go on at this rate, making discoveries by water, as well as by land, you'll rival Columbus himself before long." And Miss Emily, of whom we have already spoken, who overheard her governess, that she had of on board of a diving bell (hell) but never before of a diving bell.

"Hod you not better change your clothes?" said Mr. Sturdy, to the shivering Terrier.

"Thank you, madam," said he, somewhat 1-fifty, being roused at the manner of his reception by the Squire, "I shall wait till an investigation has taken place in my presence, of a circumstance which I have contributed to bring to light; and my discoveries by water may be found to be not undeserving of notice."

"I assure you, Mr. Sturdy," added Mr. Daw, in his most impressive manner, "we have an information to answer to, before you, of the most vital importance, and betraying the profligacy of certain people in so flagrant a degree, that I hope it may, at length, open the eyes of those that are wilfully blind to the interests of their king and their country."

"This fine speech was meant as a hit at Squire Sturdy, who was a blunt, honest man—who acted in most cases to the best of his ability, on the admirable Christian maxim of loving his neighbour as himself.

"Well, Mr. Daw," said the Squire, "I am all attention to hear your information——"

"Nay I trouble you," said Daw, "to retire to your study, as the matter is rather of an indelicate nature, and not fit for ladies' ears?"

"No, no. We'll stay here, and Mrs. S. and her daughters will retire to the drawing-room. Go, girls, and get the tea ready," and the room was soon cleared of the ladies, and the two O'Brien's were summoned to wait upon the Squire in the dining-room, with the important basket.

When they entered, Mr. Daw, with a face of additional length and solemnity, unlocked to Squire Sturdy how the aforesaid gentleman had first found himself had been attracted, by a basket flung from the convent garden—how they ran to the spot—how they heard a faint cry; "and then, Sir," said he, "we were at once awake to the revolting certainty, that the nuns had thus intended secretly to destroy one of their own illegitimate offspring."

"Cross o' Christ about us!" involuntarily muttered forth the two O'Briens, making the signs of the cross at the same time on their foreheads.

"But have you any proof of this?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, Sir," said Bean Peep, triumphantly, "we have proof—proof positive! Bring forward that basket," said he to the boatman. "There, Sir, is the very basket containing the evidence of their double guilt—first, the guilt of unchastity, and next, the guilt of infanticide; and it was in laying hold of that basket, that I met the accident, Mr. Sturdy, that has occasioned you so much mirth. However, I believe you will acknowledge now, Mr. Sturdy, that my discoveries by water have been rather important——"

Here Mr. Daw broke in, by saying, that the two brothers were witnesses to the fact of finding the basket.

"Oh! by this and that," roared out O'Brien, "the devil receive the lot of a child I seen, I'll be upon my oath! and I wouldn't say that in a lie——"

"Be silent, O'Brien," said the magistrate. "Answer me, Mr. Daw, if you please, one or two questions:—

"Did, one or both of you see the basket thrown from the convent garden?"

"Both of us."

"And you heard a faint cry from it?"

"Yes—we heard the cry of an infant."

"You then rowed after the basket, in O'Brien's boat?"

"Yes."

"Is this the basket you saw the gentlemen pick up, O'Brien?"

"By my soul, I can't exactly say, your honour, for I was picking up Mr. Terrier."

"It was you, then, that saved Mr. Terrier from drowning?"

"Yes, Sir, under God——"

"Fortunate that O'Brien was so active, Mr. Terrier. Well, O'Brien, but this is the same basket you have rescued here from the river?"

"Truth I don't know where I could change it an the road, Sir——"

"Well, let us open the basket, and see what it contains;" and O'Brien commenced unlacing the cords that bound up the wicker tomb of the murdered child; but no sooner was Mr. Daw for prompt production of his evidence, that he took out his penknife, and cut the fastenings.

"Now, take it out," said Mr. Daw; and every eye was riveted on the basket, as O'Brien, lifting the cover, commenced turning it out.

"Oh, then, but it's a beautiful baby"—and he turned up a look of the tenderest pity at the three gentlemen.

"Pull it out here!" said Mr. Daw, imperatively; and O'Brien, with the utmost gentleness, lifting the lifeless body from the basket, produced—a DROWNED CAT!

"Oh then, sin't a darlin'" said O'Brien, with the most provoking affection of pathos in his voice, while sarcasm was playing on his lip, and humour gleaming from his eye, as he witnessed with enjoyment the vacant stare of the discomfited Dawand Bean Peep, and exchanged looks with the worthy Squire, who had set up a horse laugh the instant that poor puss had made her appearance: and the moment he could recover his breath, exclaimed, "Why by the Lord—d, it's a dead cat!"—and hereupon the sound of smothered laughter reached those [illegible] "Silence, sirrah!" said the Squire, [illegible] that something not proper to hear was going forward.

City Improvements.—What a man can see at any moment he pleases, he very often neglects to see at all. The Schuylkill Permanent Bridge was first erected some twelve years ago, over a river constructed in Pennsylvania, and we recollect hearing of a gentleman living in Second street, not two miles distant, who was twenty years without going to see it, although we dare say, it would have broken his heart, if a law had not passed prohibiting him from going to see the Schuylkill.

There are now in this city, thousands of people who do not as much as know that there is a beautiful market house, supported by iron pillars, in Market street, extending from Schuylkill Eighth to Seventh streets, and that Penn square, which was formerly used for a burial ground, and the south west Pub. lic Square, formerly used as a place of deposit for street dirt and filth, are getting now handsomely laid out with gravel walks and planted with trees. Others again, to not acquainted with the fact, that an iron railing is now to be erected around the north east Public Square, situated on the west side of Sixth street, between Race and Vine streets, and that one is contemplated around the south east Public Square, situate on the west side of Sixth street, between Walnut and Locust. These notices, if they have no value, for those who are on the spot, will be interesting to Philadelphians abroad.

Fire in Boston.—On Wednesday forenoon, the distillery of A. H. Bowman, in distillery square in Boston, commonly called the old Jacob Tidd distillery, was entirely destroyed by fire, with all its contents. The wind was very high, and the water brought from a considerable distance; and from the inflammable materials adjoining, the greatest exertions of the fire department were put into requisition to prevent a wide-spread conflagration. Mr. Bowman's stock was insured at the Merchants office for $6000, but his loss is believed to be much more considerable. Another adjoining distillery, occupied by William French, was much injured—stock insured at the Neptune office. One half of the building destroyed was insured for $3000—the other half not insured.

On the opposite side of the way, in another building, occupied by Bernard & Trull as a distillery, an extensive well was nearly completed, having already been sunk into the earth about sixty feet. At the time of the alarm, there were eight men at the bottom, viz—two Irishmen, and Mr. Ross mason, the overseer, an American. The tub was down and nearly full, when those stationed above at the windlass, alarmed by the sudden bursting out of the flames, shouted to those below at the top of their lungs "fire, fire fire,"—jump to, save yourselves, and make haste!" Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Bowman, who brought them to hold back, and go up two at a time, they all at once sprang at the tub, and as many as could, got in,—some clung to the rope, and others hung on to the side, and called out those above to hoist away. This was done, and no accident occurred till they were within fifteen or twenty feet of the surface, when three of them fell, and James Burns, striking a rock, was immediately killed. One of the others had his legs and ribs broken and is not expected to live; the other was badly bruised and had an arm broken.

Outrage.—We learn from the Norristown Sentinel that a few evenings since, four black men, armed with clubs, entered the house of Mary and Isabella Kindale, of Worcester township, in that county, and after malevolently and threatening to kill them, in case they made a noise or did not give up their money, proceeded to search the house. While thus employed, Mary escaped out of a window, at which they became alarmed and decamped, taking 16 or 18 dollars of booty with them.—Mary received two blows with a club on the head and one on the arm, and Isabella one on the arm. It is strongly suspected that one of the robbers was a white man painted black. The most indefatigable exertions should be made for the arrest of these villains.

From the New York Evening Star.

The approaching Comet.—According to Mr. Pontecoulant, a French astronomer, this comet has been gradually descending in haste since first discovered. It will appear he thinks about the middle of November, but exact calculation is impossible from the number of quantities that enter into the computation, the little knowledge we have of the planet Uranus, and the influence of a resisting medium which demonstrates the longest axis of the comet's orbit, and therefore its time of revolution, &c. It will be visible in Europe from the end of August or beginning of September, two months before it reaches its perihelion. Its position is favorable to render its appearance brilliant. But notwithstanding the frightful prognostications of Lunt, Mormon of the British Navy, it will not seem larger than a star of the first magnitude, with its tail subtending around it. It will disappear the end of December. We must not expect a repetition of the terrors which it produced in the dark ages, when it was described as horrible aspects, &c.

[illegible]

[illegible]

The Pennsylvania Loan of $600,000, authorized by the legislature of this state, has been taken by Elisha Chauncey Esq. for the Bank of Pennsylvania at $111,-00 for every $100 of stock. The Messrs. Phillips it is said offered to take it at $111,75.

Chief Justice Marshall, (says the National Gazette,) was, a few days ago, alarmingly ill at Richmond. We fear that the next tidings will be worse.

The Governor of Connecticut, in his annual message to the Legislature, recommends the prohibition of the issuing and circulation of small bills.

The Horticultural Register mentions the salmon colored Celery, which it says surpasses every other kind, and has been sold at a higher rate per ounce than pure gold. It was not a wise man that purchased it at that price.

Result of the Virginia Election.—The Richmond Whig states that the final result of the election in that State, for the Legislature is as follows: Anti-Van Buren, 57; White, Anti Van Buren 9; Van Buren 46. Majority for Van Buren four.

Pickpockets.—A gentleman from the country named Hastings, had his pockets picked of $1040 in the Park, while stopping to look at the Sunday School children, on Tuesday.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

A case of assault and battery has been tried at Williamsburg, Va. where the jury returned a verdict that the *plaintiff* should be taken to the public whipping-post, and there receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back—and that his *lawyer* should pay the cost of prosecution!

Female Convicts.—The Legislature of New York, at their recent session passed an act for the erection of state prison buildings for female convicts. The buildings are to be so constructed as to contain not less than forty separate cells each, and be so laid out that the number may hereafter be increased. A very proper enactment.

The Missouri Republican speaks of a project for a Rail Road from St. Louis to Wheeling; and seems to anticipate the aid of the general government in carrying it into effect. "A Rail Road from St. Louis to Wheeling," says the Republican, "would bring Philadelphia so near to us that we might travel the distance in five days, or less time."

Bank of the U. States.—This institution has commenced in earnest to call in its debts. Twenty-five per cent, is required at the Branch here, upon all future renewals. This is as it should be. By this means the debt will be gradually paid or transferred to the State Banks without sensibly affecting the business of the country.—*Cincinnati Gaz.*

Cholera in Tennessee.—We regret to see it stated in the Memphis (Tenn.) Gazette, of April 23d, that that town has again been visited by the cholera. Eight or ten well developed cases had appeared in the course of three days, and four deaths had occurred. At the date of the paper, however, the town had become perfectly healthy.

The bank of Kentucky commenced business on the 16th ult. The notes are very handsomely engraved, ornamented with striking likenesses of the Hon. Henry Clay and the venerable Shelby.

Tremendous Dividend.—The "Experimental Rail Road" in North Carolina, has made a dividend of 50 per cent. upon the capital stock for the last six months. This must undoubtedly be considered a very fair "experiment." Very well, indeed, to begin with.

A good Dividend.—The Bank of Newbern in North Carolina, has declared a dividend of 15 per cent. on its capital stock.

"A correspondent who signs himself "Bruce," offers to perform on foot, twelve hundred and fifty miles, in one thousand successive hours, and proposes a bet of one thousand dollars on his accomplishing the feat. This is equal to one mile and a quarter an hour, or thirty miles a day for nearly forty two days. Col. Barclay did accomplish in England 1000 miles in the same number of successive hours."

The newspapers are beginning again to complain of the irregularity of the mails. A Kentucky editor begs the new Post Master General—"do put your whip on your horses."

It is said that 2000 new buildings are now going up in New York, and that the population of the city will increase 10,000 during the year. The calculation is, we apprehend, exaggerated.

The celebrated English canine performers made their first bow-wow to an American audience at the Bowery a few evenings since. They were much applauded.

We understand that the City Councils of New Orleans, have appropriated the sum of $1500 to the Association lately established for the relief of Disabled Firemen.

An association of a Working Company in New Haven, with a capital of $200,000. New Haven was one of the earliest ports, after Nantucket, to embark in the whaling business, but unfortunately, on a period of commercial depression, it was abandoned.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

A quarry of beautiful statuary marble has recently been discovered in the neighbourhood of Lynchburgh, Va. a part of it is of virgin whiteness and of the finest texture, while in some places it runs in the *verde antique* variety; some specimens of which the prevailing colour is a cheerful green, blended with clouds of white.

The cage containing the ostrich belonging to Macomber's caravan of animals, broke lately while the cavalcade was travelling through some parts of Massachusetts, and the bird escaped. It was taken afterwards by some means or other, in the woods. Some countrymen who discovered the ostrich at the top of his speed, must have thought it a "darnation queer critter for the bay State."

Explosion of a Dwelling House.—The house of Mr. David Williams, of Mansfield, Mass. was blown up and nearly destroyed on Monday last, by the ignition of a keg of gunpowder accidentally left in one of the rooms. Mr. Williams and his wife were absent, and a young child perceiving some grains of powder on the top of the keg, put a coal of fire to it and produced the explosion. The child was not killed, though badly injured.

It appears that the quantity of steel pens now manufactured in England, each year, is not less than 220 millions! Nearly two millions can be produced from a ton of steel.

The Pennsylvania canals and rail roads have cost 25 millions of dollars. The canals of Ohio 5 millions; and the canal about to be constructed by Ohio and Pennsylvania, is to cost 2 millions more, making altogether 32 millions.

Population of China.—In a statistical table, published in the Canton Register, the population is calculated at 775 human beings in a square mile. In England there are only 225 on the same space.

A Prim Lady.—She looks as if she were fed through a quill; and when she opens her mouth to yawn, you would fancy that she was going to whistle.

The Catskill Messenger says, that snow fell on the 25th ult. 20 miles from that place *twenty inches* deep on a level. Pretty winterish this for the last of April.

On the 5th inst. the ice off the pier at Buffalo, was half a mile wide.

Sperm Oil.—11,000 gallons were sold in New Bedford on Saturday and Monday last, at 84 cents, cash.

Rice cheese and green peas are among the delicacies which garnish the dinner tables of our Charleston friends.

Captain Read has demanded from the editor of the Richmond Whig, the author of an article in that paper, charging him with cruelty towards young Wilson.

New York City.—The Board of Assistant Aldermen, by a vote of ten to five, took preliminary measures for the investment of half a million in the stock of the New York and Erie Rail Road Company.—The Board also adopted a report granting a quarter of a million for the erection, on the site of the Arsenal, of a new "Hall of Justice." They also adopted a resolution that old Bridewell shall come down.

The journey from Washington to Norfolk is now performed in fifteen hours—and the mail from the North arrives at the latter place twelve hours before it is due.

Freight is carried from Lexington to Louisville in nineteen hours.

The Bakers of Albany have advanced the price of bread three cents a loaf.

"John Ward," the English champion, offers to fight any man in the world for £200 a side.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, last week gave a lecture before the Moral Lyceum at Lowell, in which he stated that in Kentucky more than one half of the children of the whites grew up without learning to read and write.

Subscription Books for the Northern Bank of Kentucky were opened in Philadelphia, last week, and in 3 days fifty thousand names were subscribed! (qu.) which is twice as many as the whole number of shares. The entire subscription in all the places where books have been opened, amount to three millions of dollars.—*Boston Statesman.*

A Locomotive—Rail Road!—A gentleman in England has contrived a machine and established it for a few days in the Kennington and Clapham roads, consisting of a locomotive engine, which has its own rail way. The contents of a joined square, which revolves and carries the carriage along with it as on a wheel.

A hard hit.—The Augusta Age, in speaking of Fanny's Journal, says—"For ourselves, we take no interest." Those who warmed the 'bug' into activity must take care of the bite."

"Heads I win—tails you lose." A bundle of raccoon skins were lately sold to a gentleman of St. Louis. On opening the bundle, he found that they were about half "possum skins, with raccoon tails tied to them.

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Philadelphia Commercial List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Dick, Auctioneer and Broker, Commercial Sales Room, Exchange.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1835.

Ashes,			
Pots,	cwt	4 25	4 50
Pearls,		5 50	5 62½
Beef,			
Prime,	bbl		
Cargo No. 1		18	
No. 2		16	
No. 3		10	11
Cut Sing.			
Cut Doub.			
Pork,			
Clear,	cwt	4 50	4 75
Mess,		4 50	4 75
BEEF HAMS,			
Tierces,			
Lard,			
Prime Kegs,			
Hams,		10	12
Shoulders,		7½	8
Tongues,		12	13
Sausages,		10	12
COTTON—Duty 3 cts per lb.			
Orleans,	lb	19	22½
Mobile,		19½	20
Florida,		17½	18
N. Ala. and Tex.		17½	18
U. S. and Geo.		18	19
U. S. and Ve.		18½	19
TOBACCO,			
Pittsburgh,			
Virginia,			
Wheeling,			
FLOUR and MEAL,			
Rosendale,	bbl	5 25	5 50
Rye,		5 75	5 87½
Corn,		4 50	4 62½
Brandywine,			
Corn meal,			4 00
Rye,	lb		
GRAIN,			
Wheat, Pennsylv.		1 27	1 35
Rye, Southern,		80	85
Corn, S. Carolina,		65	70
do. N. Carolina,		65	70
do. U. S. round,		65	70
Oats, Pennsylv.		35	37½
Barley,		75	80
Rye,		75	80
Clover,		20	22
Flaxseed,		1 87½	1 90
Cloverseed,		5 00	5 25
Plaster Paris,			
Lime,	bbl		1 00
Cotton Bags,			
Hemp,			
Flax,			
Tobacco,			
Cordage,			
Iron,			
Nails,			
Steel,			
Molasses,			
Sugar,			
Coffee,			
Tea,			
Rice,			
Tallow,			
Candles,			
Soap,			
Whiskey,			
Brandy,			
Gin,			
Rum,			
Wine,			
Madeira,			
Port,			
Sherry,			
Teneriffe,			
Malaga,			
Lisbon,			
Bordeaux,			
Teneriffe,			
Malaga,			
Lisbon,			
Bordeaux,			
Cognac,			
Hollands,			
Scheidam,			
Jamaica,			
St. Croix,			
Leeward Isl.

Saturday, May 23.

STORIES OF IRELAND.

The Legends and Stories of Ireland, two volumes, lately published by Messrs. Carey and Hart, of this city, are a very pleasant collection of original papers, by Samuel Lover. They are taken, chiefly, from the British Magazines, and proved very popular with English readers, on account of their spry humor and wit.

The author has acted up to the spirit of his motto—"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow," and he furnishes in his volumes, a dish of life and characteristics, spirit and humor, that cannot fail to be agreeable to every palate. His Barney O'Reardon, is an excellent hit, but as it is too long for our columns, we substitute a scene from a tale entitled "The Catastrophe."

He considered, at length, that this proximity to a convent, which at first he deemed such a fortune, might be turned to account, in a city of all others, congenial to his disposition, by affording him an opportunity of watching the movements of its inmates. Of the various proceedings of such a body—of their numberless intrigues, decide, he himself had no doubt, and he forthwith commenced a system of espionage, that he might be enabled to produce proof for the conviction of others. During the day, there was a provoking propriety preserved about the place, that excited Mr. Daw's wrath—"sy, sy," would he mutter to himself, "they were always deep as well as dangerous—they're too cunning to commit themselves by anything that ought be easily discovered; but wait—wait until the moonlight nights are past, and I'll warrant my watching aren't go for nothing."

Under the dusky dampe of night, many an hour did Mr. Daw hold his surveillance around the convent bounds; but still fortune favoured him not in his enterprise; and not one of the delinquencies, which he had no doubt were going forward, had he the good fortune to discover. No scarf was waved from the prescribed casements—no ladder of rope was to be found attached to the forbidden wall—no boat, with muffled oar, stealthily skimming along the waters, could be detected at the act of depositing "a gallant gay Lothario" in the Hesperian garden, where, he doubted not, many an adventurous Janet plucked forbidden fruit.

Chance, however, threw in his way a discovery, which all his premeditated endeavours had formerly failed to accomplish; for one evening, just as the last glimmer of departing day was streaking the west, Mr. Daw, in company with a friend, (a congenial soul), when returning after a long day's shooting, in gleeful anticipation of a good dinner, heard a sudden splash in the water, apparently from the extremity of the convent-wall, to which point they both directly hurried. What the noise originated in, we shall soon see; but a moment's pause must be first given to say a word or two of Mr. Daw's friend.

He was a little loafing man, always fancying about something or other—certainly making his business excuse for paying visits at unseasonable hours, for the purpose of taking people by surprise, and seeing what they were about, and everlastingly giving people advice; and after any unpleasant accident, loss of property, or other casualty, he was always ready with an assurance, that "if that had been his case, he would have done so and so;" and gave ample grounds for you to understand that you were very little more nor less than a fool, and he the wisest of men since the days of Solomon.

* * * * * * *

We left Beau Peep and Jack Daw hurrying off towards the convent-wall, where it was washed by the river, to ascertain what caused the loud splash in the water, which they heard, and has already been noticed. On arriving at the extremity of Mr. Daw's grounds, they perceived the stream yet agitated, apparently from the sudden immersion of something into it; and, on looking more sharply through the dusk, they saw, floating rapidly down the current, a basket, at some distance, but not so far away as to prevent their hearing a faint cry, evidently proceeding from it; and the next moment they heard a female voice say, in the adjoining garden of the convent, "There let go; the nasty creature, to do such a horrid thing——"

"Did you hear that?" said Mr. Daw.

"I did," said Beau Peep.

"There's proof positive," said Daw. "The villainous papist jades, one of them has had a child, and, some of her dear sisters are drowning it for her, to conceal her infamy."

"No doubt of it," said Beau Peep.

"I know it all along," said Jack Daw. "Come my dear friend," added he, "let us hasten back to O'Brien's cottage; and he'll row us down the river in his boat, and we may yet be enabled to reach the basket in time to possess ourselves of the proof of all this papish profligacy."

And off they ran to O'Brien's cottage; and hurrying O'Brien and his son to connect their boat, in which the gentlemen had passed the whole morning of the day in sporting, they jumped into the skiff, and urged the two men to pull away as fast as they could after the prize they hoped to obtain. Thus, though excessively hungry, and anxious for the dinner that was awaiting them all the time, their appetite for scandal was so much more quickened, that they [illegible] "Stop, stop, O'Brien."

"Oh, a little bit down the river here," answered Mr. Daw; for he did not wish to let it be known what he was in quest of, or his suspicions touching it, least the peasants might baffle his ends, yours at discovery, as he was sure they would strive to do in such a case, for the honour of the creed to which they belonged.

"Truth then, it's late your honour's goin' an the water this time o' day, and the night coinin' an."

"Well, never mind that you, but pull away."

"By my soul, I'll pull like a young colt, if that be all, and Jim too, Sir; that's your man, Jimmy; but at this gate o' goin', the extra tar off the rapids will be long, and sure it we go down them now, the darkens a touch we'll get to night."

"Oh, never mind that," said Daw, "we can return by the bells."

As O'Brien calculated, they soon reached the rapids, and he called out to Jim, to "study the boat there;" and such skilful management the turbulent descent was passed in safety, and they glided towards a quiet eddy, under the influence of their oars, over the level waters.

"Do you see it yet?" asked one of the four to the other, who replied in the negative.

"Maybe it's the deep hole your honour id be look in," he" queried O'Brien, in that peculiar tone of impertinence which the Irish peasant indulges in, and through which he hopes, by presupposing a native of action, to discover in reality the object aimed at.

"No," answered Daw, rather abruptly.

"Oh, sure it's such behaw it's a choice place for sarin' night-lines," said O'Brien; "and I was thinkin' maybe it's for that your honour id be."

"Oh!" said Beau Peep, "in nothing more than is caught by night lines, we're seeking—eh, Daw?"

"Aye, aye, and, by Jove, I think I see it a little way before us—pull, O'Brien, pull" and the boat trembled under the vigorous strokes of O'Brien and his son, and in a few minutes they were within an oar's length of the basket, which, by this time, was nearly sinking, and a moment or two later, had detached Jack Daw and Beau Peep of the honour of the discovery, which they now were on the eve of completing.

"Lay hold of it," said Mr. Daw; and Beau Peep, in "making a long arm," to secure the prize, so far overbalanced himself, that he went plump, head foremost into the river; and had it not been for the activity and strength of the elder O'Brien, this our pleasant history must have turned out a tragedy of the darkest dye, and many a subsequent discovery of the unfortunate Beau Peep, have remained in the sweet placest depths of unrestfulness. But, fortunately for the lovers of family secrets, the unsinkable Beau Peep was drawn, dripping, from the river, by O'Brien, at the same moment that Jack Daw, with the boat-hook, secured the basket.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Daw, in triumph.

"Are, and *I've got it* too," chattered forth poor Beau Peep.

"What's the matter with you, my dear friend?" said Daw, who, in his anxiety to obtain the basket, never perceived the fatality that had befallen his friend.

"I've been nearly drowned, that's all," whispered forth the unhappy little unusual, as he was shaking the water out of his ears.

"Truth, it was lucky I had my hand so ready," said O'Brien, "or faith, maybe it's more nor a basket we'd have to be lookin' for."

"My dear fellow," said Daw, "let us get ashore immediately, and by the exercise of walking, you may counteract the bad effects that this accident might otherwise produce. Get the boat ashore, O'Brien, as fast as possible. But we have got the basket, however and that's some consolation for you."

"Yes," said the shivering little scandal-hunter, "I don't mind the drenching, since we have secured that."

"Why then," as he pulled towards the shore, "may I make so bold as to ask your honour, what extraordinary there is in an owld basket, to make you take so much throuble, and nigh hand drown'd a' yourselves afore you catch it?"

"Oh, never you mind," said Mr. Daw; "you shall soon know all about it. By the by, my dear friend," turning to Terrier, "I think we had better proceed, as soon as we get ashore, to our neighbour Sturdy's—he is the nearest house we know of; there you may be enabled to change your wet clothes, and he, being a magistrate, we can swear out information against the delinquents in this affair."

"Very true," said the unfortunate Beau Peep, as he stepped ashore, assisted by O'Brien, who, when the gentlemen proceeded some paces in advance, said to his son, who bore the dearly-won basket, that "the most little whisp (meaning Beau Peep) looked, for all the world, like a dog in a wet sack."

On they pushed, at a smart pace, until the twinkling of lights through some neighbouring trees announced to them the vicinity of Squire Sturdy's mansion. The worthy Squire had just taken his first glass of wine after the cloth had been drawn, when the servant announced the arrival of Mr. Daw, and his half-drowned friends, who were at once ushered into the dining room.

"Bad luck, madam," answered our little hero, "as unfortunate indeed on the water——"

"Oh, oh!" said the Squire; "I should think that quite is your business—just following the secrets of the river! Why, my dear sir, if you go on at this rate, making discoveries by water, as well as by land, you'll rival Columbus himself before long." And Miss Emily, of whom we have already spoken, whispered her mamma, that she had off on hard of a diving bell (bells.) but never before of a diving hen.

"Had you not better change your clothes?" said Mrs. Sturdy, to the shivering Terrier.

"Thank you, madam," said he, somewhat lightly, being pepped at the manner of his reception by the Squire, "I shall wait till an investigation has taken place in my presence, of a circumstance which I have contributed to bring to light; and my discoveries by water may be found to be not undeserving of notice."

"I assure you, Mr. Sturdy," added Mr. Daw, in his most impressive manner, "we have an information to assert to, before you, of the most vital importance, and betraying the profligacy of certain people in so flagrant a degree, that I hope it may, at length, open the eyes of those that are wilfully blind to the interests of they king and their country."

This fine speech was meant sea hit at Squire Sturdy, who was a blunt, honest man—who acted in most cases to the best of his ability, on the admirable Christian maxim of loving his neighbour as himself.

"Well, Mr. Daw," said the Squire, "I am all attention to hear your information——"

"May I trouble you," said Daw, "to retire to your study, as the matter is rather of an indelicate nature, and not fit for ladies' ears?"

"No, no. We'll stay here, and Mrs. S. and her daughters will retire to the drawing-room. Go, girls, and get the tea ready;" and the room was soon cleared of the ladies, and the two O'Brien's were summoned to wait upon the Squire in the dining-room, with the important basket.

When they entered, Mr. Daw, with a face of additional length and solemnity, unfolded to Squire Sturdy how the attention of his friend and himself had been attracted, by a basket flung from the convent garden—how they ran to the spot—how they heard a faint cry; "and then, Sir," said he, "we were at once awake to the revolting certainty, that the nuns had thus intended secretly to destroy one of their own illegitimate offspring."

"Cross o' Christ about us!" involuntarily muttered forth the two O'Briens, making the signs of the cross at the same time on their foreheads.

"But have you any proof of this?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, Sir," said Beau Peep, triumphantly, "we have proof—proof positive! Bring forward that basket," said he to the boatmen. "There, Sir, is the very basket containing the evidence of their double guilt—first, the guilt of unchastity, and next, the guilt of infanticide; and it was in laying hold of that basket, that I met the accident, Mr. Sturdy, that has occasioned you so much mirth. However, I believe you will acknowledge now, Mr. Sturdy, that my discoveries by water have been rather important——?"

Here Mr. Daw broke in, by saying, that the two boatmen were witnesses to the fact of finding the basket.

"Oh! by this and that," roared out O'Brien, "the divil receive the bit of a child I seen, I'll be upon my oath! and I wouldn't say that in a lie——"

"Be silent, O'Brien," said the magistrate. "Answer me, Mr. Daw, if you please, one or two questions."

"Did, one or both of you see the basket thrown from the convent garden?"

"Both of us."

"And you heard a faint cry from it?"

"Yes—we heard the cry of an infant."

"You then rowed after the basket, in O'Brien's boat?"

"Yes."

"Is this the basket you saw the gentlemen pick up, O'Brien?"

"By my soul, I can't exactly say, your honour, for I was peking up Mr. Tarrier."

"I was you, then, that saved Mr. Terrier from drowning?"

"Yes, Sir, under God——"

"Fortunate that O'Brien was so active, Mr. Terrier. Well, O'Brien, but that is the same basket you have carried here from the river?"

"Troth I don't know where I could change it an the road, Sir——"

"Well, let us open the basket, and see what it contains;"—and O'Brien commenced unloosing the cords that bound up the wicker tomb of the murdered child; but an anxious was Mr. Daw for prompt production of his evidence, that he took out his penknife, and cut the fastenings.

"Now, take it out," said Mr. Daw; and every eye was riveted on the basket, as O'Brien, lifting the cover, and putting in his hand, said,

"Oh, then, but it's a beautiful baby!"—and he turned up a look of the tenderest pity at the three gentlemen.

"Pull it out here!" said Mr. Daw, imperatively; and O'Brien, with the utmost gentleness, lifting the lifeless body from the basket, produced—a DROWNED cat!

"Oh then, sa't a darlin'!" said O'Brien, with the most provoking affection of pathos in his voice, while sarcasm was playing on his lip, and humour gleaming from his eye, as he witnessed with enjoyment the vacant stare of the discomfited Daw and Beau Peep, and exchanged looks with the worthy Squire, who had set up a hearty laugh the moment that poor puss had made her appearance; and the moment he could recover his breath, exclaimed, "Why by the L——d, it's a dead cat!"—and hereupon the sound of smothered laughter reached from [illegible] the kitchen, giving well to understand that something not proper to hear was going forward.

* * * * * * *

City Improvements.—What a man can see at any moment he pleases, he very often neglects to see at all. The Schuylkill Permanent Bridge was the first object, as the eastern bridge over a river ever constructed in Pennsylvania, and excellent beauty. A gentlemanly man living in Second street, not two miles distant, who was twenty years without going to see it, although we date say, it would have broken his heart, if a law had been passed prohibiting him from going to see the Schuylkill.

There are now in this city, thousands of people who do not as much as know that there is a beautiful market house, supported by iron pillars, in Market street, extending from Schuylkill Eighth to Seventh streets, and that the ninth west Public Square, formerly used for a burial ground, and the south west Public Square, formerly used as a place of deposit for street dirt and filth, are getting now handsomely laid out with gravel walks and planted with trees. Others again, is not acquainted with the fact, that an iron railing is now to be given around the north east Public Square, situated on the west side of Sixth street, between Race and Vine streets, and that one is contemplated around the south east Public Square, situate on the east side of Sixth street, between Walnut and Locust. These notices, if they have no value, for those who are on the spot, will be interesting to Philadelphians abroad.

Fire in Boston.—On Wednesday forenoon, the distillery of A. H. Bowman, in distillery square in Boston, commonly called the old Jacob Tidd distillery, was entirely destroyed by fire, with all its contents. The wind was very high, and the wind blowing right from a considerable distance; and from the inflammable materials adjoining, the greatest exertions of the fire department were put into requisition to prevent a wide-spread conflagration. Mr. Bowman's stock was insured at the Mechanics office for $6000, but his loss is believed to be much more considerable. Another adjoining distillery, occupied by William French, was much injured—stock insured at the Neptune office. One half of the building destroyed was insured for $2000—the other half not insured.

On the opposite side of the way, in another building, occupied by Bernard & Trull as a distillery, an extensive well was nearly completed, having already been sunk into the earth about sixty feet. At the time of the alarm, there were eight men at the bottom, viz. Cornelius Robinson, and Mr. Bowman, the overseer, an American. The rub was down and nearly full, when those stationed above at the windlass, alarmed by the sudden bursting out of the flames, shouted to those below at the top of their lungs—"fire, fire fire,"—jump to, save yourselves, and make haste!" Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Bowman, who brought them to hold back, and go up two at a time, they all at once sprang at the tub, and as many as could, got in—some clung to the rope, and others hung on to the side, and called out those above to hoist away. This was done, and no accident occurred till they were within fifteen or twenty feet of the surface, when three of them fell, and James Burns, striking a rock, was immediately killed. One of the others had his legs and ribs broken and is not expected to live; the other was badly bruised and had an arm broken.

Outrage.—We learn from the Norristown Sentinel that a few evenings since, four black men, armed with clubs, entered the house of Mary and Isabella Kindale, of Worcester township, in that county, and after mal-treating and threatening to kill them, in case they made a noise or did not give up their money, proceeded to search the house. While those employed Mary escaped out of a window, at which they became alarmed and decamped, taking 16 or 18 dollars of booty with them.—Mary received two blows with a club on the head and one on the arm, and Isabella one on the arm. It is strongly suspected that one of the robbers was a white man painted black. The most indefatigable exertions should be made for the arrest of these villains.

From the New York Evening Star.

The Approaching Comet.—According to Mr. Postmeculant, a French astronomer, this comet has been gradually demonstrating its lustre since first discovered. It will appear he thinks about the middle of November, but exact calculation is impossible from the number of quantities that enter into the computation, the little knowledge we have of the planet Uranus, and the influence of a resisting medium which diminishes the longer axis of the comet's orbit, and therefore its time of revolution, &c. It will be visible in Europe from the end of August or beginning of September, two months before it reaches its perihelion. Its position is favorable to render its appearance brilliant. But notwithstanding the frightful prognostications of Lieut. Morrison of the British Navy, it will not seem larger than a star of the first magnitude, with a pale nebulosity around it. It will disappear the end of December. We must not expect a repetition of the terrors which it produced in the dark ages, when it was described as horrible aspects, &c.

The *Hell Hound Accident.*—We have been informed that one of the policemen injured by the breaking down of a gas pipe on Monday afternoon, on the Germantown and Manayunk Bail-Road, has since died. He name is unknown, but he is said to be a man of family.

A one horse dearborn was upset on Saturday morning last, at the corner of Chestnut and Third street. A lady and gentleman were thrown out upon the pavement, and fortunately received no injury. The horse ran off towards 4th st., until the carriage being on its side was of course torn to pieces.

A hit.—At one of the city restaurants over a oyster supper recently placed his feet upon the table, and then gracefully situated picked his teeth with the most nonchalance, to the great annoyance of some of the company. The host, observing this, called out, "Gentlemen, if you call for *pig's feet*, you have them served up already."

The Pennsylvania Loan of $600,000, authorized by the legislature of the state, has been taken by Elisha Chauncey Esq. for the Bank of Pennsylvania at $112, 67 for every $100 of Stock. The Messrs. Phillips it is said offered to take it at $111,75.

Chief Justice Marshall, (says the National Gazette,) was, a few days since, admitted to sit at Richmond. We fear that the next tidings will be worse.

The Governor of Connecticut, in his annual message to the Legislature, recommends the prohibition of the issuing and circulation of small notes.

The Horticultural Reporter mentions the salmon colored Celery, which it says surpasses every other kind, and has been sold at a higher rate per ounce than pure gold. It was not a wise man that purchased it at that price.

Result of the Virginia Election.—The Richmond Whig states that the final result of the election in that State, for the Legislature is as follows: Anti-Van Buren, 57; White, Anti Van Buren 9; Van Buren 68. Majority for Van Buren 2[illegible].

Pickpockets.—A gentleman from the country named Hastings, had his pocket picked of $1040 in the Park, while stopping to look at the Sunday School children, on Tuesday.—*N. Y. Com. & Exq.*

A case of assault and battery has been tried at Williamsburg, Va. where the jury returned a verdict that the *plaintiff* should be taken to the public whipping-post, and there receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back—and that his *lawyer* should pay the cost of prosecution!

Female Convicts.—The Legislature of New York, at their recent session passed an act for the erection of state prison buildings for female convicts. The buildings are to be so constructed as to contain not less than thirty separate cells each, and be so laid out that the number may hereafter be increased. A very proper enactment.

The Missouri Republican speaks of a project for a Rail Road from St. Louis to Wheeling; and seems to anticipate the aid of the general government in carrying it into effect. "A Rail Road from St. Louis to Wheeling," says the Republican, "would bring Philadelphia so near to us that we might travel the distance in five days, or less time."

Bank of the U. States.—This institution has commenced in earnest to call in its debts. Twenty-five per cent. is required at the Branch here, upon all future renewals. This is as it should be. By this means the debt will be gradually paid or transferred to the State Banks without seriously affecting the business of the country.—*Cincinnati Gaz.*

Cholera in Tennessee.—We regret to see it stated in the Memphis (Tenn.) Gazette, of April 23d, that that town has again been visited by the cholera. Eight or ten well developed cases had appeared in the course of three days, and four deaths had occurred. At the date of the paper, however, the town had become perfectly healthy.

The bank of Kentucky commenced business on the 11th ult. The notes are very handsomely engraved, ornamented with striking likenesses of the Hon. Henry Clay and the venerable Shelby.

Tremendous Dividend.—The "Experimental Rail Road" in North Carolina, has made a dividend of 50 per cent. upon the capital stock for the last six months. This must undoubtedly be considered a very fair "experiment." Very well, indeed, to begin with.

A good Dividend.—The Bank of Newbern in North Carolina, has declared a dividend of 15 per cent. on its capital stock.

"A correspondent who signs himself "Bruce," offers to perform on foot, twelve hundred and fifty miles, in one thousand successive hours, and proposes a bet of one thousand dollars on his accomplishing the feat. This is equal to one mile and a quarter an hour, or thirty miles a day for forty consecutive days. Col. Barclay did accomplish in England 1000 miles in the same number of successive hours."

The newspapers are beginning again to complain of the irregularity of the mails. A Kentucky editor begs the new Post Master General—"do put your whip on your horses."

It is said that 2000 new buildings are now going up in New York, and that the population of the city will increase 10,000 during the year. The calculation is, we apprehend, exaggerated.

The celebrated English canine performers made their first bow-wow to an American audience at the Bowery a few evenings since. They were much applauded.

We understand that the City Council of New Orleans, have appropriated the sum of $1500 to the Association lately established for the relief of Disabled Firemen.

A combination of a Whaling Company in New Haven, with a capital of $600,000. New Haven was one of the earliest ports, after Nantucket, to embark in the business, and unfortunately, in a period of commercial depression, it was abandoned.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

A quarry of beautiful statuary marble has recently been discovered in the neighbourhood of Lynchburgh, Va. a part of it is of virgin whiteness and of the finest texture, while in some places it runs in the *verde antique* style; some specimens of which the prevailing colour is a cheerful green, blended with clouds of white.

The cage containing the ostrich belonging to Macomber's caravan of animals, broke lately while the cavalcade was travelling through some parts of Massachusetts, and the bird escaped. It was taken afterwards by some means or other, in the woods. The countrymen who discovered the ostrich at the top of his speed, must have thought it a "darnation queer critter for the key State."

Explosion of a Dwelling House.—The house of Mr. David Williams, of Mansfield, Mass. was blown up and nearly destroyed on Monday last, by the ignition of a keg of gunpowder, which was accidently left in one of the rooms. Mr. Williams and his wife were absent, and a young child perceiving some grains of powder on the top of the keg, put a coal of fire to it and produced the explosion. The child was not killed, though badly injured.

It appears that the quantity of steel pens now manufactured in England, each year, is not less than 220 millions! Nearly two millions can be produced from a ton of steel.

The Pennsylvania canals and rail roads have cost 25 millions of dollars. The canals of Ohio 5 millions; and the canal about to be constructed by Ohio and Pennsylvania, will cost 2 millions more, making altogether 32 millions.

Population of China.—In a statistical table, published in the Canton Register, the population is calculated at 775 human beings in a square mile. In England there are only 225 on the same space.

A Prim Lady.—She looks as if she were fed through a quill; and when she opens her mouth to talk, you would fancy that she was going to whistle.

The Catskill Messenger says, that snow fell on the 25th ult. 20 miles from that place *twenty inches* deep on a level. Pretty winterish this for the last of April.

On the 5th inst. the ice off the pier at Buffalo, was half a mile wide.

Spermi Oil.—11,000 gallons were sold in New Bedford on Saturday and Monday last, at 84 cents, cash.

Ripe cherries and green peas are among the delicacies which garnish the dinner tables of our Charleston friends.

Captain Read has demanded from the editor of the Richmond Whig, the author of an article in that paper, charging him with cruelty towards young Wilson.

New York City.—The Board of Assistant Aldermen, by a vote of ten to five, took preliminary measures for the investment of half a million in the stock of the New York and Erie Rail Road Company.—The Board also adopted a report granting a quarter of a million for the erection, on the site of the Arsenal, of a new "Hall of Justice." They also adopted a resolution that old Bridewell shall come down.

The journey from Washington to Norfolk is now performed in fifteen hours—and the mail from the North arrives at the latter place twelve hours before it is due.

Flight is carried from Lexington to Louisville in nineteen hours.

The Bakers of Albany have advanced the price of bread three cents a loaf.

"Jim Ward," the English champion, offers to fight any man in the world for £300 a side.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, last week gave a lecture before the Moral Lyceum at Lowell, in which he stated that in Kentucky more than one half of the children of the whites grow up without learning to read and write.

Subscription Books for the Northern Bank of Kentucky were opened in Philadelphia, last week, and in 3 days fifty thousand names were subscribed! [qu.] which is twice as many as the whole number of shares. The entire subscription in all the places where books have been opened, amount to three millions of dollars.—*Boston Statesman.*

A Locomotive—Rail Road!—A gentleman in England has contrived a machine and exhibited it for a few days in the Kensington and Clapham roads, consisting of a locomotive engine, which has its own rail way. The consists of a joissed square, which revolves and carries the carriage along with it as on a wheel.

A hard hit.—The Augusta Age, in speaking of Fanny's Journal, says—"For ourselves, 'we take no interest.' Those who warmed the 'bug' into activity must take care of the bite."

"Heads I win—tails you lose." A bundle of raccoon skins were lately sold to a gentleman of St Louis. On opening the bundle, he found that they were about half "possum skins, with raccoon tails tied to them.

Foreign Summary.

A French chymist states that the phosphate of ammonia is a preventive against fire; that a piece of muslin dipped in a solution of this salt, after having been dried, will not catch fire when exposed to the flame of a candle. The muslin at first becomes black and is then reddened, but there is no appearance of flame.

In England 26 prelates administer to about six millions out of a population of eleven millions.

In Ireland 18 prelates administer to about half a million, out of a population exceeding seven millions, of which six millions are Roman catholics.

In England several bishops receiving only £2000 or 3000 a year.

In Ireland none receive less than 4000 and some £7000.

It is said that Sir Walter Scott, baronet, of the 15th Hussars, son and heir of the renowned man of that name, is an ignorant coxcomb, and boasts of never having read his father's works!

Among the Athenians, under a law of Solon, any magistrate who became intoxicated was put to death.

A healthy old gentleman was once asked by the King what physician & apothecary he made use of to look so well at the time of life?—"Sire," replied the gentleman, "my physician has always been a *horse*, and my apothecary an ass."

In some parts of Bokhara the people shoe their horses with the antlers of the mountain deer. They form the horn in a suitable shape, and fix it on the hoof with iron pins, never renewing it till fairly worn out.

Beware of Red Wafers.—The London Lancet mentions a curious case, in which a Secretary of a public institution was twice attacked with a very violent fit of salivation, so as to render medical aid indispensable, from his having watered 300 circulars which he had wetted in his mouth.

Perfectly Satisfied.—A duel was fought on Saturday week, near Dublin, between Mr. M'Cabe, of Rutland square, and Mr. Pomeroy, of Cork. Mr. P's ball broke the tassel of Mr. M's pistol, and Mr. M's pistol, missed fire. Mr. Gyles, his second, insisted on a second shot—which Mr. P. granted—when Mr. M. missed, Mr. P. then insisted on an exchange of shots with Mr. Gyles, for requiring a second shot, contrary to the laws of duelling. Mr. Gyles consented—missed his man, but received the balls of Mr. P's pistol in the "glorious massive muscle," a flesh wound of no great importance. After which, says the Irish account, all went off perfectly satisfied!" Mr. G. would have been more "perfectly satisfied," perhaps, had his friend M.'s pistol "gone off" in a more satisfactory way in the first instance.

A criminal cause, hitherto unparalleled in the judicial annals of Germany, has been just brought to an issue by the court of Assizes at Mentz. Two women,

[illegible]

In the subscription of Rev. Rob. A. C. [illegible] curiosity to curiosity sum of Mr. A. C. [illegible] of Groton, Tioga county, which for its [illegible] result is almost without a parallel.

[illegible] stances were as follows:—Mr. Marsh, who [illegible] from his house to his barn, a distance of eight or [illegible] rods, noticed his little son, about twenty [illegible] near the well at play; but on returning and not seeing the child, he supposed he had gone into the house. On making inquiry he found that the child had not been in the house for some time, and the painful [illegible] occurred to him that the child might have fallen into the well. He hastened in search, with [illegible] which none but a parent can duly appreciate, [illegible] soon discovered the dreadful certainty. The child had stepped upon the end of a loose board, and was precipitated to the bottom of the well, a distance of thirty-nine feet; there being but about three feet [illegible] in the well at the time, it could have [illegible] force of the fall but in a small degree.—Mr. [illegible] with a presence of mind which too often forsakes us in the moment of danger, prepared instantly to descend; but here he was interrupted by the [illegible] over the mouth of the well being so firmly [illegible] to resist the utmost force of his hands to remove them. The object was, after some minutes [illegible] effected by prying up and splitting off a piece of [illegible] time (no firmly were they nailed) until an opening was made sufficient to admit him to pass, when he [illegible] down in search of the body of his son, supposing [illegible] the fall must have produced instant death. He [illegible] recovered the child by its clothing near the top of the water. He seized it and immediately commenced with an aching heart, to ascend with it in his bosom, though in a debilitated state of health from frequent attacks of asthma, had accomplished nearly half the distance, when he perceived the feeble grasp of his child. At this moment he found himself beginning to fail, and had nearly lost his hold. He called to the top of the well, and informed them that his child was not dead, and requested help, when that [illegible] his neighbors descended, and passing the child from one to another, soon restored the self supposed [illegible] less body to its anxious mother. Medical aid was immediately called, which together with the tender care of its anxious parents, soon restored the [illegible] sufferer to a state of consciousness. The next morning no trace could be discovered in the child of an accident having occurred, other than two or [illegible] bruises on the head.

New York Canals.—We take the following account of the New York Canals from Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for 1835.

Name.	Length.	Cost.	Tolls.	Net Rev.
Erie Canal	363	$15,000,000	$1,336,000	$1,336,000
Champlain Canal	63	1,170,000	120,000	60
Glen's Falls Feeder	12	300,000	8,000	00
Oswego Canal	38	300,000	22,000	00
Cayuga & Seneca do.	35	320,000	11,000	00
Chenango Canal	22	340,000	30,000	00
Farmingdale Feeder	8	30,000	600	00
Crooked Lake Canal	8	120,000	800	00
	543	$17,480,000	$1,528,400	$1,336,000
Navigable Ponds and Feeders	16			
Total	559 miles of canal navigation Completed and owned by the State. Average cost per mile, about $31,300			

Singular Earthquake.—A singular earthquake has lately experienced at Reedstown, Union District. It had been felt for ten successive days at that place, nine in the immediate vicinity. The shocks were such as to shake the goods out of the shelves in the stores, and were accompanied by a rumbling explosion like the "voice of muffled drums."—The tumultuous rumbling had all removed except one. The shocks were not felt, nor the noise heard for more than three or four miles, but within that distance were very perceptible.—*So. Baptist.*

We have been informed by a friend that the noise still continues to be heard: and it can be distinctly heard at the distance of five miles.—*Ed. Christian (Columbia) Herald.*

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post.

MAY 20, 1835.

Loans.	Rateness.	Int. Pr.	Offr. ced.	Ask. ced.	Remarks.
County,	1860	100	104½	105¾	
Philadelphia 6 per cents.	1840	100	108¼		
	1843	100		110	1st July & 1st Jan.
	1840	100	104	105¾	
Do. 5 per cent.	1846	100	104½	105	
	1850	100	106½	107	
	1853	100	107	108	
	1839	100	104	105	
	1841	100	105	106	
	1846	100	106	107½	
Pennsylvania 5 per cts.	1850	100	106½	108	
	1853	100	109½	110½	
	1854	100	110	111	
	1856	100	109½	109¾	
	1858	100	109	109¾	Half yearly 1st Feb'y. & 1st Aug
	1860	100	109¾	109¾	
	1861	100	109½	110	
	1862	100	110	111	
Ohio 6 per cents.	1850	100	114	115	
New Orleans do.	1850	100	114½	118	
Bank Stocks.					
United States,	-	100	113	113½	Last 6 mos. dividend.
North America,	-	400	453	460	Jan. 3
Pennsylvania,	-	400	520	530	Jan. 3
Farmers' & Mechanics,	-	100	109½	110½	Nov. 3
Trenton	-	30	37	41	April 3
Mer. & Manu. bk.	Trenton	10	14½	15	
Farmers and Mechanics,		50	67	68	May 4
Camden,		50	53½	54	April 3
Commercial,		50	68	68½	May 4½
Mechanics',		35	67½	68	May 4
Northern Liberties,	-	25	56¾	56½	Nov. 4
Schuylkill,	-	50	61½	62	Nov. 3½
Germantown,		50	74	80	Nov. 3
Southwark,		50	75	77	Nov. 3
Kensington,		50	78	79	Nov. 4½
Penn Township,		50	65½	65¾	Nov. 4
Girard,		50	61½	62	May 3
Western,		50	68	71½	May 4
Manufac'r & Mechanics',		25	46½	47	May 4
Moyamensing Bank,		15		25	Nov. 4
Farmers' b'k of Bucks co.		15	24½	25¾	Nov. 4
Doylestown		15	53	48½	Nov. 4
Miners b'k of Pottsville,		50	109½	109¾	Jan. 4
Commercial Bank of Cincinnati,		100	111	115	Jan. 4
Franklin bank Cincinnati		75	79½	80	
Lafayette bk. of Cincin.		50	60½	61	May 4
Mer. & Ma's Bk. Pitts'g.		100	111	112	Dec. 4
N. Orleans Canal Bank,		100	110	111	Sept. 4
N. O. City Bank,		50	57½	58	Jan. 4
N. O. Commercial do		50	51½	55¾	Jan. 3
N. O. Mechs. & Trads. do.		100	131	135	July 4
Louisiana		50	69	69½	Jan. 4
Union Bank, Tennessee,		100	53½	53¾	Dec. 4
Planters Bank Tennessee		100	113½	114	Jan. 5
Louisville,		100	34½	34¾	
Bank of Kentucky,		100	126	126½	Jan. 5
Planters, at Natchez,		100	130	132	Jan. 5
Agricultural do.		100			
Insurance Stocks.					
North America,	-	10	13	14½	Jan. 3
Pennsylvania,	-	400	490	520	Feb. 3
Philadelphia,		50	65	70	Dec. 3
Union,	-	60	72	74½	Jan. 3
Delaware,		40	46	47	Dec. 3
Phœnix,	-	80	90		Dec. 3
United States,	-	25	75		Dec. 10
Marine,	-	60	75		Jan. 5
Atlantic,	-	60	64	65	Jan. 5
American,	-	25	32	35	Jan. 5
Pennsyl'n Life Insurance,		50	62	64	Jan. 3
American Fire Insurance,		100	142	150	Oct. 3
Pennsyl'n Fire Insurance,		50	74	87	Sept. 4
Franklin Fire Insurance,		100	120	128	Oct. 4
County Fire Insurance		50	56	57	Jan. 3
Southwark Fire Insur.		50	53½	53¾	
Turnpike Stocks.					
Lancaster Turnpike,		300	90	100	Jan. 6
Germantown do.		100	40	45	Nov. 4
Springhouse do.		100	75	90	May 3
Willow Grove do.		100	75	90	Nov. 3
Bristol do.		100	15	20	Nov. 75 cts.
Bridge Stocks.					
Permanent Bridge,		10	13	14	Jan. 4
Trenton do.		80	35	80	Ap $1 50 pr sh
Lancaster and Schuylkill,		50			
Canal Stocks.					
Schuylkill Navigation,	Shs	50	144	145	Feb. 6½
Do. loans, 5	1845	100	100	102	
Do. do.	1855	100	104

Philadelphia Prices Current.
Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Isaac T. Dean, sole publisher of the Reporter, Commercial Register, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1835.

Articles.	Price.	Articles.	Price.
Ashes,		New Orleans,	
Pot, cwt	4 50 5 00	do. N. York,	
Pearl,	4 50 7 00	do. Philad.	
BEEF,		do. Steam,	
Prime, tc		Tenedos,	
Mess No. 1		Hyson,	
No. 2		English French list,	
No. 1		Hav. Havanna,	
PORK,		MACKEREL,	
Prime,		No. 1, bbl	
Mess,		No. 2,	
COFFEE, Duty		No. 3,	
Java,		OIL,	
St. Domingo,		Linseed, Am. from	
Porto Rico,		cask,	
Cuba,		do. Dutch,	
Rio,		Whale, gal.	
Laguira,		Sperm, winter,	
COTTON, Duty		do. spring,	
Upland,		PLASTER PARIS,	
Georgia,		in Delaware, ton	
Mobile,		in Schuylkill,	
FLAX, Am. and Tex.		SEEDS,	
E. C. and Geo.		Clover, bush	
N. C. and Va.		Flaxseed,	
FREIGHTS,		do. clean, cask	
To Pittsburgh, per mile		Timothy, bush	
		Roots, bush	
Wheeling, or ven.		Orchard grass,	
FLOUR and MEAL,		WHISKEY,	
Penn. bbl		Rye, bbl	
Fine,		do. hhds	
Rye,		do. from wagons	
Meal,		WOOL,	
Corn meal,		Prime, Saxony fleece	
GRAIN,			
Rye, in bkts.		Am. wash. full	
Pennsylv.		do. blood	
Ryc, Southern,		do. blood	
Wheat, Pennsylv.		do. and com.	
do. South. bush.		Am. unwash. full	
Corn, L. C. white,		do. blood	
do. L. C. yellow,		do. blood	
do. U. C. round,		do. and com.	
Oats, Pennsylv.		Super. pulled lambs,	
do. Southern,		No. 1,	
Barley, Eastern,		No. 2,	
Rye, Pennsylv.		Hay,	
WOOD,		Russia, duck,	
Hickory, cord,		Russia, drill,	
Pine,		Am. brown,	
		Am. bleach,	

ALLISON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA
Saturday, May 23, 1835.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page.—*There has been no change in them for many years past*

☞ Mr. William B. Dunn, has been appointed one of the collectors for the city and vicinity, in the place of James S. Farmer, resigned.

Our friends at the following named places, are cautioned against paying subscriptions, &c. to the late agents, as they neglect or refuse to make any returns of the sums they have collected.

Mobile, Alabama, late agent, John F. Pagles.
Ellicott's Mills, Md. late agent, S. S Palmer.
Troy, Missouri, late agent, John S. Besser.
Smokey Ordinary, Virginia, Edw. C. Smith.

The Postmaster at Churchville, Va. politely informs us that a paper which has been addressed to Wm. Dobbins, at his office for about 18 months past is not taken up, and that no such person is known there.—He has our thanks for the prompt information.

The advertisement of a Mr. Devallanes, announcing his intention, on Monday last, to descend on a wire from the top of a three story house to the ground, in the vicinity of Third and Queen streets, attracted, at the time and place, a great crowd of old women, children and idlers. The attempt to descend on the wire—the adventurer having by a belt around his body fastened himself to the wire—was made, but he stuck fast midway, and found himself unable to go backward or forward. In this dilemma his situation was most perilous, and after struggling for some time, he was released by the spectators. A more ridiculous affair altogether, has not been got up in this city for some time.

On the same day, Mr. Wise was to have ascended in a balloon, but this also proved a failure. It is said that when the balloon was nearly inflated, some evil disposed person sprinkled aqua fortis on the muslin, which caused holes and let out the gas. The spectators dispersed without a riot.

Mr. Glenn, 84 South Third street, has for sale a very excellent quality of Bear's oil, purified by a new process, which has been found of great service in preserving and beautifying the hair. Strong testimony can be adduced in favour of this article, and persons whose heads evidence symptoms of baldness, should give it a trial.

A correspondent requests us to say, for the benefit of those who own valuable dogs, that the dog-killers commenced operations on May 1st. The law requires, that all dogs found in the street, shall have a wire basket muzzle.

The construction of a Rail-road from the borough of Marietta, to intersect the Pennsylvania Rail-road, so as to avoid the incline plane at Columbia, is now in contemplation. The route, commencing about a mile north east from Columbia, to the borough of Marietta, a distance of four miles, has been surveyed, and the road can be constructed, it is believed, at a very moderate expense. Marietta has an extensive and excellent landing on the Susquehanna, and the construction of this road, it is confidently expected, will materially facilitate the business operations of the place. A grant for the road has been obtained from the legislature, and a portion of the stock will shortly be offered for sale in this city.

Offices for life.—The brief remarks we offered a few weeks since, in relation to the vote about to be given in this state, on the subject of a convention to amend the Constitution, seem to have been perused with much interest, by at least one of our readers. The individual alluded to, furnished an article in reply, over the signature of "A Constitutionalist," which article we published, with an observation or two of our own, appended. The writer denied the position taken by the friends of reform, and asserted that the Constitution recognises no *office for life*, inasmuch as the phraseology of the Constitution, in reference to the appointment of judges, magistrates, &c. is "*during good behaviour*." To this we replied, as our readers will remember, that we considered the distinction between "offices for life" and "offices during good behaviour," a very slight one, and designed not to prevent any individual from serving in a public office *for life*, but merely as a check upon the possible deterioration of character in a magistrate after his appointment. In all cases where there is no virtual abdication of Justice, upon the part of the magistrate, sufficiently palpable to arrest the attention of the Legislature or Governor, the appointment is really for life, and upon this matter, we apprehend, we cannot be two opinions.

"A Constitutionalist," however, takes offence at our remarks, and has published a rejoinder in the columns of the Sentinel, amounting, exactly, to a refutation of his views as published in this paper of the instant. He complains of the liberty we took in grafting our own observations to his communication, and deems such a course contrary to justice. On a complaint, coming from one who has been an author himself, strikes us as being not a little extraordinary, as the individual must be fully aware that the practice is universally recognised by the editorial tribe. It would be indeed singular, if any contingency could arise, under which it would be improper or unjust for the conductor of a newspaper to express his disapprobation of the opinions of his own correspondent.

In relation to the point at issue between "A Constitutionalist" and the friends of reform, we are very sorry that we feel much less anxiety than our friend the city alderman, has already evinced. We are opposed to offices for life, or offices during good behaviour without a term—if the alderman prefers that phrase—not with the view of having him turned out of office, and ourself elected—but because we consider the appointment of magistrates by the legislature or by the people, to be more in accordance with the spirit of our national government—because it is less liable to abuse, and because it gives to the people the right of choosing their own rulers. With us the support of a convention is a matter of principle—with "A Constitutionalist" we fear it is a matter of interest. We oppose that measure—hence it is not likely we shall agree in opinion.

In relation to the charge made by "A Constitutionalist," that the Post is about to take part in politics, the allegation, coming from *such a source*, is too silly by half for a serious denial. The question of amending the Constitution, as the writer well knows, is not a party character, inasmuch as the measure is supported and opposed by men of all parties, and sustained by none as an exclusive party measure. Such unfounded insinuations only betray excessive weakness and resentment, upon the part of those who make them.

The exhibition of the "Lost Boy of Sodom and Gomorrah," in the Saloon of the Adelphi, south Fifth street, has attracted the attention of a considerable number of our citizens. The advertisement states that the best artists in the different branches have been engaged with a view to produce a spectacle of unrivalled magnificence, and it is confidently asserted that this exhibition embraces in itself the best illusions introduced upon the stage, and the beauties of all the Panoramas and Diorama views exhibited in this country for years past.—The washing of birds, the gradual approach of music, the rolling and crashing of thunder, the falling of rain and pattering of hail, the whistling and howling of the wind, and rumbling of the earthquake, the crumbling fall of edifices, and the rushing rim of waters, are illusions of the very *first order*.

In addition to this exhibition, Mr. Schweighoffer performs, every evening, tricks of legerdemain and natural magic.

The Association for the Relief of Disabled Firemen, organized in this city, in November last, has now a fund rising $4,000. A similar association in Baltimore, organized about the same time, has acquired a capital rising $11,000. This fact may be cited as an illustration of the relative benevolence of the two cities.

Messrs. Evans & Caldwell, proprietors of the Chestnut street line of Omnibuses, have just received from Troy, two new vehicles, of superior finish, called the Maseyas and Nonesch. The pannels of each are ornamented with splendid paintings, and they are without doubt, the handsomest coaches of the kind in the city. Messrs. Evans and Caldwell deserve much credit for their enterprise in this business.

A prize of $500 is offered for the best comedy which shall be offered for the opening of the new American Theatre, at New Orleans. The gross receipts of the seventh night will also be given the author. A literary committee of three gentlemen will decide upon the fairest claim to the prize. Mr. Caldwell is the manager of the Theatre.

A new Theatre is about to be erected in Chatham street, New York, near the Tradesman's Bank.

LOTTERIES.

A writer in the Wilmington (Del.) Watchman, who uses the signature of *Humanitas*, is laboring with much earnestness to prove to the people of Delaware, the demoralising and baneful influence of Lotteries. We trust he will not abate his exertions until the legislature of that State interdicts the sale of Lottery tickets, under a heavy penalty. Next to the vice of drunkenness we place that of gambling in Lotteries, and the philanthropic of every state should unite in endeavouring to root out and expurgate the whole system from the country.

In a late number, *Humanitas* furnishes a statement, given by a vender, of the consequences which resulted to several extensive dealers in tickets, the testimony of which is conclusive. He says:

It appears that this man sold tickets in seven different classes during the autumn of 1831; and recorded the destination of the prizes. Let us see how much good the prizes in this lottery dispensed to their respective possessors.

"The highest prize sold by me in

Class 30 was			$50
do 31	do	do	40
do 32	do	do	12
do 11	do	do	50
do 33	do	do	300
do 34	do	do	50
do 35	do	do	100

"The first prize of 50 dollars, was sold to a black man. I never saw him after.

"The second of $40, was sold to a black man. He spent it all in tickets, and got in my debt $1 50, which he has not paid.

"The third $12, was sold to a neighbour of mine. He took the amount in Tickets and lost the whole. He never purchased of me after that.

"The fourth of $300 was sold to a journeyman baker. He drew a $1000 prize afterwards. He spent the whole $300 prize with me, and I understand, he left his employment and the city much in debt.

"The fifth, of $50, was sold to a woman who spent the whole for tickets, and more too, in less than a week.

"The sixth and seventh were sold to a young gentleman of my acquaintance. He bought more tickets than the prize came to. He drew afterwards $1000; I presume, in fact he told me he had spent every cent of it in lottery tickets.

"I am thus particular, and I am enabled to be so, from having kept a book in which all my tickets are registered, and I have invariably taken the names of purchasers, or a description of their persons. The Lottery Brokers generally do so; they are a keen set of fellows, and pretty sure not to let a person who may be so *unfortunate* as to draw a high prize escape their clutches."

The same person then goes on to state his own experience, as follows:

"I have within seven years drawn the whole of $10,000
Half of $24,000 12,000
Half of $5,000 2,500
and minor prizes of $1000 and downwards, to an immense amount. I have drawn at least twenty prizes of one thousand dollars each, and I am indebted for lottery tickets over $7000, without the means of paying a mill; and I believe my luck has been better than that of any other man in America, I have had tickets forced upon me by venders to the amount of $5000 in a single lottery."

Here we have an instructive lesson. Of six prize drawers, five spent all their money for *more tickets*, and some got more tickets than their money would pay for! The sixth person probably fared as badly, or worse, if the truth were known! And this is only the pecuniary part of the affair, the effect on the industry and morals of the purchasers being untold. Most probably more than one of the six ended his days in the penitentiary, a victim of drunkenness and the violated laws of his country, his family starving, his children brought up to beggary and crime; all in consequence of the *good luck* of the prize holder! An admirable commentary this on the advantages of lotteries to the poor adventurer!

THEATRICAL.

Mr. Hows took a benefit at the Chesnut street Theatre, on Monday evening, and appeared in the character of *Sheva*, a part he performs with singular success. The audience was very small, a fact by no means creditable to our play-goers, who seem to have an idea that no actor is deserving of patronage unless he is from across the water. Mr. Hows is decidedly a better performer than many foreign adventurers whose pockets have been filled with our money. The Inquirer remarks in relation to Mr. Hows, that he "may congratulate himself, and with abundant reason, upon the very favourable and flattering impressions which his professional visit has made. Accuracy in costume—great propriety, and often striking originality in his readings—a fine elocution, and all the great requisites of taste and judgment, combine to place him in a position of peculiar promise as an actor. As he becomes more familiar with the stage, he will enlarge his reputation. We would counsel him to extend the range of his characters. He is capable of measurable success in the personation of almost any, in the higher walks of the drama."

Miss Phillips is now fulfilling an engagement at this theatre.

Mr. Cooper and his daughter, and Mr. A. Addams are now performing at the Walnut street Theatre. They attract good houses. Addams is improving rapidly, and may unquestionably be considered as one of the first tragedians of the day. Miss Cooper's talents are highly spoken of, by those who have seen her in several characters.

From Bicknell's Reporter.

THE GIRARD SAVINGS INSTITUTION OF PHILADELPHIA.

An institution has lately been established in this city, under the above title, and will commence business in a few days at No. 32 north Second street.—It promises to be one of the most valuable institutions of the kind in Philadelphia, and numbers among those interested in it, some of our wealthiest and most respectable citizens; such men, for example, as Benj. W. Richards, Timothy Abbott, David Williamson, Arnson Davis, Frederick Brown, Abraham Okie, (formerly President of the Western Bank,) and others equally entitled to confidence and respect. It is understood that Mr. Richards will be chosen President. We need not say to those acquainted with this gentleman, that such a choice would at once place the institution on a firm basis; for Mr. R. is not only known as a member of one of the most extensive mercantile houses in this city—Lippincott, Richards & Co.—But his character for probity and disinterested benevolence, is deservedly high. The capital of this institution is $300,000, divided into 15,000 shares of $20 each.

Dramatic Stars.—Two dogs, celebrated histrionic performers, named Hector and Brum, have arrived, and *taken lodgings* in New York. One of them excels in tragedy and the other in comedy. A number of dramas have been written for them. They will shortly make their first appearance in New York. Some of our papers complain of foreign actors who come here, are pampered by our good natured public, and return to *growl* and *snarl* at us. These must have been *puppies*; the performers just arrived are full grown dogs, and no such ingratitude can be expected from them. By the way, since the *Legitimate Drama* has met with such admirable supporters, it would be well to have the Morocco Lion, the Elephant, and a few horses and monkeys, introduced at the same time. A new drama might be written for their accommodation entitled "Noah's Ark," in which parts "expressly written" for them might be introduced with great effect.

CITY RAIL ROAD.

The proposed improvement of our city by means of extending the Colombia Rail-road from Broad street to the Delaware through Market, Third and Dock streets, unanimously recommended by a Board of Commissioners, in one of gigantic magnitude, and if adopted, bids fair to produce results, which will hardly be conceived by many at the first glance. We have copied entire the interesting report and hope all our citizens will give it an attentive perusal and consideration.

Report of the Commissioners

To the Councils, on the Rail Road along Market St.

The commissioners appointed under a resolution of the Select and Common Councils of Philadelphia, which directs them to "enquire into the best means of conveying merchandise between the wharves and the Broad st. rail road, whether by rail roads, Tramways, or otherwise, together with the best materials for either, and what route or routes should be adopted, and where, if any is tolerably, a greater Rail-road be established," with "an estimate of the cost of any work or improvement they may recommend" respectfully submit the following report:—

The Commissioners immediately after their appointment, took measures to collect all the information within their reach, upon the important subject referred to in the resolution of Councils. They invited communications from all their fellow citizens who might feel an interest in the subject, and from the several professional Engineers resident in the city or its vicinity. They also ascertained to their own entire satisfaction, the practical results of the location of Rail-Roads through the streets of Baltimore and other cities, how far they had tended to the accommodation of trade, or had in any respect been productive of inconveniences to the public. Upon the mass of information thus brought together, a close examination of the city map, a personal inspection of all routes which have been suggested, and upon conversation which they have sought with intelligent men of all classes and occupations in the community, those opinions have been formed which they are now about to communicate.

Such is the composition of the Board, and such the novelty, importance, and intrinsic difficulty of the questions submitted, that they were not surprised to find considerable differences of sentiment among themselves, both at the onset and throughout the progress of their investigations. They are happy, however, to say that all such differences have yielded to the influence of calm discussion and accurate information, and that the recommendations which they are about to submit to the notice of Councils have been adopted with perfect unanimity. The commissioners cannot too emphatically express their conviction that some communication of the kind referred to in the resolution of Councils, is indispensably necessary to maintain the present prosperity of the city, and to secure for her the prospective benefits of those vast public improvements to which her money and her enterprise have so liberally contributed. To omit the making of such an improvement, would be to reject a rich harvest already growing upon her threshold and to build up the prosperity of the adjoining districts, at the expense of every owner of property within her borders—The consideration upon which this measure is recommended are so obvious, and they seem to be so fully appreciated by Councils, and so clearly understood by the citizens at large, that it is unnecessary to present them in detail. The Commissioners, therefore, pass to a decision of the first question referred to them, namely, the best means of conveying merchandise between the Delaware and Schuylkill wharves and Columbia Rail-Road.

The adoption of Tramways (as they are commonly called in this country) in cities, where the road is composed of long flat stones joined together and lying level with the surface of the ground, has been suggested, to avoid interference with the passage of ordinary vehicles through those streets in which the improvement may be located. Desirable as this object is, there are objections to such a method which the Commissioners regard as insuperable. The cars which now travel on the Columbia Rail-Road, could not pass upon a Tramway through the city without a very important, and in many respects most inconvenient alteration in the form of their wheels. The flanges must be widened so as to form a tire of sufficient width to pass with ease over the flat surface of the Tramway. As there is no reason to hope for such a change in the general transportation of the Rail-Roads leading to Philadelphia, it follows that if Tramways be adopted, all goods arriving in Broad street must be removed from one car to another, before they can pass through the city, and thus the advantage of the proposed communication be in a great measure neutralized. For this reason, and because the Commissioners are of opinion, that upon the plan, and by the route which they are about to recommend, no very serious obstructions to the ordinary travel will be created, they are unanimously of opinion, that a Rail-Road is the only form of improvement by which the great objects in contemplation of Councils can possibly be accomplished.

In answer to the all-important question what route or routes should be adopted for the proposed improvement, the Commissioners offer their unanimous suffrage in favour of a line commencing on the Delaware at the Drawbridge, and passing up Dock street to Third, up Third to High, up High or Broad street Rail-Road, and thence along High to Ashton street, the Schuylkill Front, to be connected hereafter with other lines along Delaware Avenue and along the Schuylkill. To some of the considerations which have induced them to form this opinion they will briefly refer.

1. The route just indicated affords greater natural facilities for the location of a Rail-Road conveniently *graded*, than any other. By the report of the City Surveyor, it appears that the ascents and descents of the east and west streets, do not exceed fourteen inches in each hundred feet, except in Walnut and Chesnut streets, and in the immediate rise from both rivers at all these streets—that near the Delaware, Dock and Spruce afford the easiest gradation for a Rail-Road, and near the Schuylkill, High street from Ashton to Broad is most uniform in its ascending grade. It appears, also, that the rise from the Delaware upon all the streets (Dock and Spruce excepted) is too precipitous for the passage of burthen cars, without the use of fixed machinery, or the uncertain and dangerous expedient of brakes or chains. The descent of High street, from its summit at Broad to the intersection of Delaware Fourth street is, with one trifling exception, less than twelve inches in the hundred feet; from Fourth to Third there is a rise of seventeen inches in the hundred feet; along Third to Dock the descent is about fourteen inches in the hundred feet, and along Dock from Third to the Drawbridge landing the descent is only eleven feet in about two thousand feet.—A careful comparison of these grades with those of any other line which can be indicated from east to west, will fully justify the preference which the Commissioners have expressed on the score of natural facility.

2. The route recommended by the Commissioners will afford greater accommodations to the trade passing along it, than any other which can be devised. The great wealth of Market and High street consists of the laying of four tracks without inconvenience or crowding, and of all necessary arrangements for turnouts, at each place along the line where it may be desirable to deposite property. It is doubtful whether on any other of the East and West streets such facilities could be afforded, and whatever benefit of the improvement would not be in a great measure confined to the Delaware end of the line. This capacity to diffuse its benefits over a considerable extent of the city, has been deemed by the Commissioners a most important advantage—nor could they close their report without the fact, that the vacant space at the drawbridge affords the only ground within the limits of the city, where a rail-road track passing from West to East, can be conveniently and properly curved into the contemplated Avenue along the Delaware front. The Avenue when completed will have a spacious entrance with an easy gradation into Dock street, and the revolving platforms which would be necessary in any other situation, may be dispensed with.

3. A Rail Road upon the route recommended will interfere less than any other with the convenience of private dwellings, and with private travel. Throughout its whole length, there are very few buildings which are not occupied wholly or in part for purposes of trade, and which would not be directly accommodated in the way of such trade. In this respect none of the East and West streets are similarly situated with Market st. As to the travel on Market street, it is chiefly of that sort which the Rail Road would better accommodate, or which under the arrangements resulting from its construction, would naturally take a different direction.

4. Another consideration which has had great weight with the Commissioners is, that the route by Market, Third and Dock streets, will abundantly accommodate that portion of the City, which heretofore has been connected with the Western business, and in which property has become valuable in consequence of that connection. They deem it impolitic suddenly to change the great channels of business, so as to enhance the value of property in one part of a City, at the expense of another, and unjust to do so without great necessity. In the present instance they believe there is no plausible pretext for such a change.

It is impracticable for the Commissioners within the proper limits of a report, to do more than sketch the views by which they have been governed in the selection of a route. They are of a kind, however, to require little explanation, as they will readily occur to any practical mind when once directed to the subject.

Among the plans which have been suggested for the construction of the Rail Road, the Committee prefer that recommended in the able communication from W. Strickland, Esq., civil Engineer, a copy of which accompanies this report. He proposes to curve the Broad street Rail Road in High street with four separate tracks, two tracks six feet apart on the centre or crown of the street, and one track within five feet of the present curbstone on each side of the way—that the foot pavements be increased five feet in width, and that in every square there be a turn out from the tracks in the centre, to those near the curbstones on each side—or, in other words, branch tracks from the right and left on each side of the central railways; that wrought iron edge rails of the common construction be used, fixed by chairs upon stone blocks three feet apart, the top of the rail being flush with the surface of the pebble pavement, and protected longitudinally on each side by granite flag-stones of one foot in width. The stone ways are to be laid close to the rails on the outside of the tracks, and from two to three inches from the rails on the inside, so as to allow ample out play for the dip of the flange of the car wheels.

The cost of the improvement above described, including its continuation out High street from Broad to Ashton, is estimated by the engineer at $70,000, which estimate also includes a continuation of the tracks down High street, from Third to a point on the west side of Front, where he proposes to fix power for the motion of cars towards Broad street, so as to give the merchants on Market below Third street a direct communication with the Rail Road on Broad street.

The Commissioners are aware that two prominent objections may be started, to the plan and reasons which they have felt it their duty to recommend—namely, that the removal of the Market houses from High street, to other localities will be inconvenient, and that it will cause much expense over and above the actual cost of the rail road. They believe, however, that the more these objections are examined, the less important they will appear, and that they are insignificant in comparison with the broad and general interests to be advanced by the contemplated improvement. To recommend other action for the erection of Market houses, forms no part of the duty prescribed to the Commissioners. They have nevertheless made such enquiries as to satisfy themselves that suitable positions can be obtained and several markets erected at no ashonbant expense, which would accommodate the public quite as well if not better than at present. They deem it important, moreover, to observe the wholesale business of High street from the obstructions created by the markets, and by the removal of those buildings to restore the original plan of the city. A considerable portion of the expense may no doubt be defrayed by voluntary contributions from those who own property on the line of the rail road, and who will be benefitted at once by a new accomodation to trade, and by the removal of a long standing inconvenience.

If the Commissioners are right in their estimate of the importance of the proposed communication to the prosperity of the City, it follows as a corollary, that no time should be lost in carrying it into complete effect. Every day's delay will deprive Philadelphia of some portions of the advantages to which she is fairly entitled, and increase the difficulty of recalling business to those channels from which, by the superior forward or activity of other districts, it may have been diverted. They would therefore respectfully recommend to the Councils of the City, if the plan herein submitted shall meet their approbation, forthwith to commence the construction of the Rail-Road along Market street, from Broad to Eighth street, and from Broad to Ashton, and along Third and Dock streets, and also to take immediate measures for procuring other sites on which to erect suitable market buildings. In accomplishing the latter object, they confidently believe that no great difficulty will be experienced, and that the markets may be removed from High street, between Eighth and Third streets, by the time the other portions of the line shall have been completed. If however any unexpected obstacles should occur, so as materially to delay the completion of an entire line from Broad street to the Delaware, they regard prompt action as of so much importance as to justify the construction of a cheap temporary line to be used until the better and more permanent one can be finished. For this purpose, a route leaving High street at Eighth street, passing down Eighth to Wheatnut, down Walnut to Dock, and down Dock to the river, appears most convenient, although as a permanent location it is liable to serious objections, and is in no respect comparable to that which the Commissioners have recommended.

To obviate any objections to the location of Rail-Roads through the city, on the ground of general inconvenience, the Commissioners respectfully submit the following extract of a communication received from Baltimore, and from a source entitled to the highest credit.

"Rail-ways can be constructed along the streets of a city, on which produce and merchandize, may be conveyed with more economy and less interruption to the ordinary intercourse thereof, than by any other mode whatever. They can be so laid down as to be crossed every where freely, and turn-outs are not required except where the streets are very narrow indeed. The opposition to the extension of Rail-ways in this city has proceeded from a few individuals who were large property holders in the Western section of the city, and who were desirous of monopolizing the whole trade of the Rail-Road. Their representations have been shown to be groundless, and our Councils have almost unanimously affirmed the general convenience and advantages of their introduction."

As a summary of their views upon the interesting question presented for their consideration, the Commissioners submit a copy of certain resolutions which they unanimously adopted, and which proved the basis of this report:

1. Resolved, That in the opinion of this Board the best plan for connecting the Columbia Rail Road with the wharves on the Delaware and Schuylkill, is by a Rail-way beginning at Broad street and extending to both rivers, to be connected with other Railways along Delaware Avenue and the Schuylkill front, from Cedar to Vine streets.

2. Resolved, That High street, on account of its central position, superior width, and established character as the principal seat of business with the West, presents the only eligible seite for the line of connexion between Broad street and the Delaware wharves, and that such line should pass down High to Third, down Third to Dock, and down Dock to the Drawbridge landing.

3. Resolved, That it be recommended to Councils forthwith to commence the construction of a Rail Road in High street from Eighth to Broad and from Broad to Ashton, and also in Third and Dock street, and futher to take immediate measures for the removal of the markets from High street, and the establishment of suitable accommodations elsewhere

4. Resolved, That it is not expedient for Councils to erect a public depository for merchandize on the Delaware, it being deemed better that stores for the reception of country produce and other articles of commerce on the Railway, be erected by individual enterprise, as the same may be required.

All of which is respectfully submitted.
By order of the Board.
THOS. P. COPE, Chairman.
Attest, J. M. Wright, Secretary.
Philadelphia, May 13th, 1835.

As the sloop John M. Clayton, of Dover, Captain Bell, was coming up the Delaware on Sunday, opposite to Reedy Island, she was struck by a flaw of wind and knocked nearly on her beam ends. Two little children, who were standing on deck, were thrown overboard. Capt. Bell, with great presence of mind, seized one of them and drew it on board.—The other drifted off. Capt. B. immediately lowered his boat, jumped in, and rowed after the little sufferer. After about fifteen minutes exertions, he was successful in saving the child, and restored her to her anxious mother, who was standing on deck, watching with painful suspense the fate of her offspring.

A Curiosity.—An Ourang Outang reached New York a day or two since, from the East Indies. We trust that it is a better looking animal than Miss Jane, the frightful creature that was some time since exhibited in this country. The Star gives this description of the "last importation:"

"We happened last evening to call at the museum, and saw this extraordinary lusmodie, almost, of a human being, to all appearance a negro child in a red flannel night gown, comfortably taking its night's sleep on Mr. Peale's lap. The legs were thrown carelessly over Mr. P's. knees, and the arms clung affectionately round his neck, while the head rested on his breast, precisely like a child in its mother's arms. The whole body is covered with short hair, and the face resembles that of an old negro man, with the nose indented, the forehead wrinkled, the eyes of hazel, and teeth, lips and chin, exactly similar to what we every day see in the African race, while the hands and feet are totally human, and have a most frightful resemblance to those of our own species, as have also the ears, which are quite large. When disturbed, it cried out "Oh! oh! oh!" in as clear and perfect an articulation as it ever was uttered by "the human voice divine." The sight, indeed, is humiliating to the pride of our own race."

A BLUEBEARD.

The New York Courier and Enquirer gives the subjoined new developements, respecting a fellow named Sterling, now in prison in that city, for bigamy. It seems that he is a polygamist in an extended sense.

Information was received at the police office yesterday from Boston that this wretch was living at the head of Rose street in that city between three and four years, and that he had then an amiable wife and two children by her, that he used to beat her so cruelly as to endanger life, and ultimately compelled her to leave him and go by water in a small schooner (that was not seaworthy) to his native place, Mount Desert, in the State of Maine; that the schooner became waterlogged, and all the persons that were in her perished; that the vessel was afterwards boarded at sea, and a large quantity of clothing, &c. was taken out of her and carried to Cape Cod; that Sterling went there, laid claim to all the property, seized every thing he could lay his hands on, and then commenced suits against every person whom he supposed was in possession of any of the things taken out of the vessel, but that when the causes came on for trial, Sterling (whose character had then become known) absconded with what goods he had got. The letter added that he married, very soon after the above affair, a handsome girl, with a portion of several hundred dollars, whom he served about a few months after marriage, that she determined to leave him. His wife's sister is still living at Fort Hill. This scoundrel's real name we understand is Charles M Stirling, he is a native of Mount Desert, Maine, which place he was compelled to leave in consequence of his infamous and fraudulent conduct.

We also learn that there is a young lady now living in N. Jersey, about two miles from Bergen, whom he seduced under a promise of marriage, within a few days of his marriage with Mrs. Rose of Rampaw, and who had a child by him that is now nearly 18 months old. There is also we are told another female victim to his villainy living at or near Nyack, where he passed himself off as a doctor. He had also, we are informed by one of the officers just returned from a tour of inquiry in that neighborhood, sent a considerable part of his property up to that vicinity, with a view it is supposed of inducing *another lady* to whom he had paid some attention, to throw herself into his vampire-like grasp.

The history of this man is almost without a parallel in the criminal annals of our city, every day, and almost every hour developes some new scene of atrocity and cold blooded brutality towards females, and we give early publicity to his proceedings in order that further particulars relative to him may be forwarded to our police department before his trial, by those who may be in possession of them. The full number of his wives, doubtless, has not yet come to the knowledge of the Police. We therefore state that he has been much at sea; has lived at Boston, Baltimore, Bergen, Rampaw, Mount Desert, Fort Hill, Nyack, and other places, and has passed himself off as different times for a sea captain, a West India trader, a South Sea Whaler, a merchant, a doctor and a lawyer.

STOCK EXCHANGE.

Sales of Stocks at the Stock and Exchange Board, from May 14th to 21st.

157 shares	Western Bank, at	69a70	50
317	do. Manufac. Bank Pittsb'g,	60a60½	50
319	do. Union Bank, Tennessee,	60a61	60
50	do. Fuel Savings,	34	50
350	do. Norristown Rail-Road,	30½a40	50
15	do. Southwark Bank,	73	50
4	do. Delaware Insurance,	46½	40
50	do. Annuity,	91½a60	40
30	do. Penn Township Rail-Road,	44	35
333	do. Mechanics Bank,	67½a69	35
2325	do. Del. & Hudson Canal,	100½a112	100
2	do. Louisville Bank,	112½	100
169	do. New Castle Rail-Road,	37½a37½	25
310	do. Merchants' Bank, Balt.	15a18½	10
86	do. Schuylkill Bank,	60½a62	50
113	do. Girard Bank,	65,a65½	50
440	do. Sandy and Beaver Canal,	6a6½	5
32	do. Pittsburgh Bank,	40½	50
$6000	Union Canal 6's 1836,	100½	100
60	do. Northern Liberties Bank,	36½	30
403	do. Pan ers Bank, Tennessee,	52a53	50
1	do. Pennsylvania Insurance Co.	500	
$1221	Lehigh 6's, 1839,	102½a103	100
250	do. Harrisburg Rail Road,	7½	5
131	do. United States Bank,	113a113½	$100
46	do. West Philada. Rail-Road,	6½	5
80	do. Philad. Savings Institu.	14½a14½	5
13	do. Farmers & Mech. Bank,	67½a68	50
70	do. Moyamensing Bank,	46½a46½	25
100	do. Ohio Canal,	5a5½	5
50	do. Phila. & Tren. R. R.	104	100
100	do. Mechanics' Bank, Baltimore,	18½	1
40	do. Commercial Bank,	60	50
13	do. N. Orleans Canal Bank,	111	100
80	do. Com. Bank New Orleans,	58	50
9	do. Danville & Potter. R. R.	40	50
7	do. Philadelphia Gas Stock,	70	10
21	do. Trenton Banking Company,	57	30
1	do. Bank of N. America,	400	400
996	do. Kentucky Bank,	33½a34½	30
4	do. Philadelphia Bank,	110	100
45	do. Louisville & Portland Canal,	111½	100
100	do. Franklin Bank Cincinnati,	113	100
$2000	Schuylkill Nav. 5's, 1835,	103½	100
97	do. Com. Bank Cincinnati,	109½	100
8	do. Inland Fire Insur. Co.	8	5
35	do. Southwark Fire Insurance,	53½	50
43	do. Camden Bank,	53½	50
50	do. Beaver Meadow, R. R.	46½	40
100	do. Northern Bank, Ky.	9½	5

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Received from		Received from	
May 15.—		James Bell, Esq.	5 50
J. H. Freligh,	$10 00	Chas. G. Ryman,	5 00
Caleb W. Swayne,	1 00	J. Stephens, Esq.	7 00
Asher Ayres,	5 00	Adam Whann, Esq.	1 00
Joseph Forman,	2 00	John Sunman, Esq.	1 00
James Graham,	2 00	May 19.	
F. S. Wadsworth,	16 00	Walter H. Taylor,	9 00
James Aull, Esq.	3 00	John F. Dorsey,	2 00
Saml. Cox, Esq.	5 00	Edwin Jordan,	5 00
C. C. Campbell, Esq.	5 00	Jesse Burr,	5 00
W. Duncan, Jr. Esq.	10 00	Lewis Bond,	5 00
M. Rounsaville, Esq.	2 00	A. M. Kirkus, Esq.	90 00
E. Daily, Esq.	2 00	J. P. Chester, Esq.	2 50
May 16.		J. D. Murrill, Esq.	10 00
J. G. Ravenscs,	2 00	James Wynn, Esq.	5 00
John Fleming, Esq.	1 00	C. R. Mosher, Esq.	2 25
James Knight, Esq.	7 00	May 20.	
J. D. Curtis, Esq.	2 00	S. W. Chadwick,	5 00
D. Burhans, Esq.	5 00	A. M. Clark,	2 50
A. Barr, Esq.	4 00	M. Forwald, Esq.	5 00
J. B. Torbett, Esq.	5 00	John Egbert, Esq.	2 00
May 18.		Jas. Graham, Esq.	5 00
S. J. Ray, } P. Daily, }	6 00	May 21.	
C. B. Johnson,		Robert E. Horner,	10 00
Jona. Cobb, Esq.	10 00	Thomas Hills,	2 00
N. J. Palmer, Esq.	5 00	C. P. Jones, Esq.	13 00
A. F. Shepard, Esq.	2 00	A. C. Tuan, Esq.	90 00
Thos. W. Gibb, Esq.	1 00	Geo. Gisberns, Esq.	2 00
W. L. Mitchell, Esq.	10 00	G. Chedester, Esq.	2 00

We perceive that the splendid affair of Napoleon is to be performed on Tuesday night, for the Benefit of Mrs. Rowbot

THE OLIO

Devoted to the cause of Life, That gives it all its flavour.

CINCINNATUS LOQUITUR.

Mr. Speaker! Sir! I labor under sore responsibility,
The petition which I offer of such monstrous utility;
And much I wish my feeble lungs were equally stentorian,
As when at City Hall I spoke 'gainst brazen Hyperborean!

In January last, an undertaking very bold it was
For gentlemen to strive and sell, exactly, Sir, how cold it was;
With noses in their hands, they stalked, those natural barometers,
And couldn't tell what pinch'd 'em so—for want of good thermometers!

No politician ever "dodg'd," as did in Maine the mercury,
And none of my constituents evinced the signs of alacrity;
For, when, with stove harrangue, I strove to tickle their auricles,
They damn'd the cold, and would n't wait to listen for particules!

Mr. Speaker! if the front again should rubble our profundities,
And may number lose his nose, the fault as well as loss is his!
For, keen invention! true as one of Fredsham's best chronometers,
A man may regulate his heat by our Improved thermometers!

A furious wife, like a market, may do a great deal of correction at her house; but then she makes a great noise in it at the same time. A mild wife will, like an air gun, act with as much power without being heard.

ANECDOTE.—A worthy clergyman in the country claimed a road to be made through his grounds for the accommodation of the neighborhood. While he was superintending the workmen, a nobleman rode by, whom life was not quite so regular as it ought to be. As he passed, he accosted the clergyman thus—"Well, doctor, for all your pious, I take it there is the road to Heaven." "True," replied the clergyman, "for it had been. I should have wondered a sinning your lordship here."

SOMETHING JUST LIKE A HUSBAND.—A Genevese lady, was asking another the number of her lovers. "Just at present" replied the Roman fair, "I have but one." "But one?" exclaimed the other—"What solitude! what ennui! why, it is just like a husband."

A worthy lately married, had the misfortune to find himself in a strong draft of air, place his feet in a bucket of cold water, and jingle the shovel and tongs, he might enjoy all the pleasures of sleigh riding at a great discount from the Livery stable prices.

It is said that in New South Wales an old maid is a much rarer animal than a black swan. It is asserted that her emigrants from England receive offers of marriage through speaking trumpets, before they land from the ship.

Cottage Courtship, by Miss Landon.

Now, our spies this sending,
No much shall meet his sight,
And a word—I say reading
In all he'll hear to night.
For he'll hold me so close too lightly,
If he always sees me so;
He'll think they whose roses brightly
When I have frowned are his.

'Tis not kindness keeps a lover,
He must feel the chain he wears,
All the sweet entanglement over,
When he has no anxious cares.
The heart would seem less precious,
If he thought that heart he won;
Ah! the empire of a woman,
Is still in the unknown.

Let change without a reason,
Make him never feel secure;
For it is an April season,
That a lover must endure.
They are all of them so fickle,
These lovers in your gaze,
Would you keep your own heart a-ticklem,
Be the one to give the pain.

THE DISCOVERY

BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Im a nasty evening, said Mr. Dorrinton, the stock broker, as he settled himself in the last upside place of the last Fulham coach, (twas by out old friend Mac—as expected himself in coach, he is nonsensible as, to the fare was.

"I wouldn't be outside," said Mr. Jones, another stockbroker, "for a profit."

"Not I, as a speculator in opinion, said Mr. Pinch, another frequented of the Alley.

"I wonder what Mac's wasting for," said Mr. Tal well, but we are full, inside and out.

Mr. Tidwell's doubt was soon solved,—the coach door opened, and Mac's appearance put centrately repeated, what he very well knew—"I believe every place is taken up inside."

"Why, all home," answered Mr. Jones, on behalf of the usual complainant of old men gets.

"I told you so, Mac, said Mac, to a female who stood beside him but still waving the door open in consideration from which, however, it only spoke on the contrary. I tell Mr Hoxton, who took up the fifth dining honored like the frogs in the lake.

"I don't know what I should do," exclaimed the woman: "I have no where to go to, and its raining cats and dogs."

"Why, I tell you, I can't help it," said Mac, "let your cats knock your dogs, and I'm the last coach, isn't I, Mr. Jones.

"To be sure you are," said Mr. Jones, rather regretfully, "all the dice."

"I had the lady the gentleman couldn't make room for her, answered Mac, in a tone of apology "I am very sorry, my dear," turning towards the house, "I wish I could have my arm, if you could hold the ribbons but such a pretty one as you ought to have a coach of her own.

He began slowly closing the door.

"Stop, Mac, stop!" cried Mr. Dorrinton, and the door quickly unclosing again, "I can't give up the place for I'm expected home to dinner but, I'm lady wouldn't object to sit on my knees.

"Not the least in the world, answered Mac, quickly, "you won't object, so come on, I'm in a way, with a married gentleman, and a wet night, on the last coach on the road."

If I thought Tabitha isn't unreasonable," said the elderly, precipitate, feeling her way with a little wife's hand to the one gentleman, which, she accepted rather well, her usually sharp tongue, in the house I, Mac shutting the door behind her, in a manner as to keep her in. "I'm sure I'm obliged to the favour, she so kind, looking round, into which gentleman was so kind.

"I was I was," said the lady as if stopping, Madam," said Mr. Dorrinton, and before he pronounced the last word she was in his lap, with an assurance that she would act as gentleman as she could. Rather pressed, very well pleased with the new position, but to judge according to the rules of Lavater, the rest of the inmates were not in the same. For my own part, I cannot say, as I was right, I felt the most with unusual a fine person, and so the ladies as an example of gallantry. I who had read to Lavater of the Tract on the wonders of the soul "Course of Love," in the form of the spirit, the heart of Sir Charles Lee to mankind—the soul of the contrary to the sex's main tenet, which is, as I gathered from the hours she endeavored upon him, I received from his lounge.

I did not stand alone, I hope, in the unpleasantness, Messrs. James Hood, and Mr. Tilwell and Parson were so very disconcerted to begin on a time as we which it, as the gentleman, the ladies, and, finally and so forth.

The Jew, Mac, and the Jew, Mac, and the Jew, Mac, and so forth.

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SECOND SIGHT.

SECOND SIGHT, or Gaelic *Taisch*, is a name applied to a supposed power of supernatural vision, which was believed to be possessed by many individuals in the Highlands of Scotland up to a very recent period, and is not yet quite extinct in some of the more remote and unfrequented parts of the country. It had some resemblance to the phenomena of the animal magnetism. Judging every speculator of the human mind to be worthy of notice and inquiry, we lately obtained from person resident in the north relative to a superstition which were conveniently accessible, and which, as they in their present form, for the sake of brevity, we intend to.

A few individuals in every district, generally accoutered by little heedless gay, were said to possess a gift which, however, we regard it rarely in most cases as any thing but an occasional disorder, by generally predisposition of unimportance to their accustomed. The power of second sight was considered to be to most an unknowable, but, in fact, it was a mere trick, or, if it had at the bottom of a seer at the moment of conscry, the whole vision in the matter, in such a case, was merely a dream, perhaps, or by the nerves, which, by putting the hand on the head of the other, and looking over top right, the vision, or rather after notice to a recurrence of the power. The gift was possessed by [illegible] generally old people, and, in the west of [illegible] which direction, and, in fact, in the west of [illegible] whose experiment the [illegible] engaged.

I remember, as persons thus affected were called, generally had military cause, and, in the [illegible] and the visions were chiefly of friends, or strangers appearing in the country, of persons dying in battle, at a distance, and many other such, [illegible] and announcing a death. Nobody [illegible] in the midst of some one employing [illegible] with, with or without consulting [illegible] would be [illegible] at [illegible] at which he would be at [illegible] more [illegible] [illegible] highlands for, perhaps, [illegible] approach of his death. Sometimes a lover would be seen with a sprite of a lighted [illegible] in the waves, in which case, [illegible] was [illegible] was was always expected to arrive immediately after. Occasionally the death of a friend was prognosticated by the sight of his coffin in preparation, but most generally, when the vision [illegible] of the season, a funeral procession was observed. In a brief manner [illegible] a [illegible] in preserve a [illegible] [illegible] grand procession [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]